

# Composition Book

WINTER-SPRING

2013 H 161

MENTAL INSURRECTION

Wide Rule. 100 Sheets. 9.75" x 7.5"



# MENTAL INSURRECTION

~~VOLUME 0~~  
BOOK ONE

A Philosophical Autobiography of Michael William Hentrich

Winter / Spring 2013



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## THE BOOK OF WONDER CONTINUES

2013, 03, 08, Friday: Snowstorm all day. The Renewable Quality in full force within me, helping me to organize the influx of journals which had been stored in attic of Church where brother-in-law Joe ~~was~~ is employed. I haven't had these diaries in my possession since leaving New Jersey in January 2009. I am indebted to my brother-in-law for having stored them, but I think / know our "relation" has most likely suffered its final disaster. I exploded in rage demanding my journals / memoirs (my legacy).

It is just as well I have no telephone. I ordered another one and will have to ask the woman in apartment complex office for help in activating it. It will most likely take at least a week... before "St. Patrick's Day" (17<sup>th</sup>) when Mom and I will plan to head to Freehold Boro for corn beef and cabbage at The Court Jester.

I want to change my name from Crazy Ghost, Σ 3 → No Thing to CRAZY TALK. When will I do this? On the 13<sup>th</sup> when I return BOOKS. Will 1Q84 be available?



2013. 03. 10 Sunday: A disastrous explosion ~~was~~ directed toward my mother ensued when she refused to drive us to our planned dinner at John Bon Jovi's "Soul Kitchen" in Red Bank because I was inebriated. I called her a "stupid cunt," told her that I hated her, and that she is "only" my biological mother. She drove off to Point Pleasant while I stormed across it 70 in the traffic. My mother had told me that Jamie from the management of the apartment complex contacted her, that she was trying to reach me, so I walked to the leasing office. The woman there said she had been ordered not to discuss "my situation" with me.

Now I am fairly certain I will once again be facing eviction and I possibly even am in danger of losing Section 8 rental assistance. There most certainly must be a campaign to have me removed from the premises for my "bizarre behavior": the music, the singing, the constant talking to myself, and the evidence of "alcohol abuse," all violations of the lease, especially as a tenant with rental assistance. This is how people become homeless: too crazy to follow oppressive rules.



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I have been going through some notes from 1996 and 1991. I realize that, for one, besides my Great Grandmother Hentrich, I had never felt "accepted" by grandparents and that my parents have not been able to "reach me". I must long for Tribal Elders that simply do not exist.

There is a great deal of rage in me, and I am suspicious of a conspiracy to destroy me as a cultural entity. I wonder if even my mother is involved in this conspiracy as well as some "neighbors". That my mother suggests I try to stop talking to myself is just more proof to me of why I secretly resent her: she and my father are conformists and have little advice to give to support my rebellion against the status quo.

Neither of my parents is ever surprised when I run into problems with living in garden apartments. My mother sympathizes with how unhappy I must be living out here way down at 70 in "Walmart Zone".

I am increasingly more and more irritated living in such a spiritual wasteland where the most love shown to me is the bar, Arrowhead, where people have been kind to me.



Once again I am an outsider subjected to being judged as a "weirdo" by the mediocre herd. I think of John Tindell's words daily, about how the "enemy" wants us to feel we are becoming overwhelmed. My mother suggests I have once again sabotaged my residence due to my profound unhappiness with living in a McDonaldized society — not her words, but this is the gist of it.

Grandfathers of the Universe, behold me!

I will see about talking to management on Monday to see just how much "trouble" I am in with AUTHORITY. Maybe a trip up to Allentown Pennsylvania to visit Greg. Greg is in order. If my rental assistance is in jeopardy, maybe I could rent a van and store my notebooks with him. I am even considering storing them somewhere, but it is like \$100 per month.

Rich Bore had suggested I just live with my mother but he may underestimate how incompatible we have become. I can't be who I am and I refuse to become who she and society tell me to be.



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It seems society wants me to play over and play dead, like everyone else. Schopenhauer had a painful, bitter relationship with his mother. I suspect my own mother is incapable of understanding me, and there can be no love where there is no understanding. I have unmet primitive needs and my Tribal Self is becoming more and more intensified, by the stupidity of most people, those we refer to as I got society, the promoters of conformity to the stupid norms of the status quo.

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I will try to finish reading Solzhenitsyn's In the First Circle before it is due on the 13th. When I return the books, I doubt I will borrow more as I may just focus on my own scribbling and CIORAN - SCHOPENHAUER, MURPHY-PONTY & HUSSERL. I do not know what is coming down the pike. I will want to utilize my time here ~~too~~ in the Brick apartment going over some old notebooks. I see how significant my interest in Schopenhauer's philosophy has been. It made my participation in AA, the State Religion, impossible.



What I thought about and tried to articulate in 1991 is still relevant in my life today.

"I will not pray to have my unpleasant nature removed. I do not want to be normalized."

Just like Journey to the End of the Night, I always seem to be hated by frustrated vaginas and conformists.

On website [isis.phpbb3now.com](http://isis.phpbb3now.com) I renamed myself, CRAZY TALK.

Website name: SILENT RUNNING

"I can't be who I am and I'm not going to be who you tell me to be, so I'll be nothing. I'll just do my time, and get through it, but I will not become you."

Reading Solzhenitsyn I begin to recognize qualities about modern industrial society, with the giant medical-prison complex's hierarchical structure that are carceral... where one is oppressed.



In "In the First Circle," where the character Nerzhin represents Solzhenitsyn himself, Nerzhin reflects on how his life has been one long, senseless, depressing chain of misfortunes from which he lacked the strength to struggle free.

If I am unable to finish the book by the 13<sup>th</sup> I will attempt to renew it. As I do not have a telephone, I will have to walk the two miles to renew it. I am not going to allow ~~the~~ the campaign against me to overwhelm me as I have developed ways of detaching from public opinion. No need for approval of my being. I destroyed the approval-seeking tendencies long ago.

Ø

I spent the morning going through my scribbles, spent the afternoon cooking meat, loaf, and then got back to reading Solzhenitsyn while sitting by the lake down the road. When I returned to the apartment, I digitally recorded some spoken readings of notes before laying down to read Solzhenitsyn. My lifestyle is much like a Gek's (prisoner's).



While reading I slipped into a power nap.  
I sleep better in the daytime when sleep just takes  
me. I dreamt there were people in my  
quarters - most likely from voices coming through  
the tent. There were accusations of  
someone yelling anti-semitic outbursts, and in the  
dream I became paranoid. I chased  
everyone out. Then the dream police were at  
my door. I suddenly woke up.

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I enjoy eating an entire package of frozen spinach as a  
small meal. As the day goes down I wonder  
how manager Jamie will handle the many complaints  
about me. I will wait and see, but I refuse to  
become overwhelmed. Haven't I experienced such  
trouble as "police at my door" ever since I first  
got tent assistance in 2005? Matawan,  
Ocean Grove, Federal Way, Asbury Park, Freehold.  
Hell, even at Habcory and Flame Motel while on  
welfare I was involved in one disaster after another.  
Everyone seems to be disturbed by me.  
I ought to be used to this by now, may?  
Rules, rules, rules... norms... I even had trouble  
at Tent City, evidently caused by my "CRAZY TALK".



Going through a notebook from 1998 when I was attending Brookdale after losing my job with the State Park Service, I notice I was obsessed with Computer Science. No wonder I am so angry that there was no career waiting for me! All those hours working on projects! I could not even read through it as it caused me grief. Now I am on the dole and have lost all hope of ever finding gainful employment. No wonder I resent celebrities and media whores.

I feel some shame over the awful things I screamed at my Mother yesterday. I wonder where all that rage comes from. I had also screamed a message to my brother-in-law about getting me my notebooks. If I were to get into trouble out here in Brick, there is no way he would salvage the journals for me. I have no one in this world who would help me. My mother does not have the room to store them. No wonder I am so fed up with this life, with nuclear family, extended family. Our culture is full of shit!



It is not me, who is the failure.  
Life itself is the FAILURE.

It is somewhat of a relief to be able to express such sentiments. I stare into the abyss. I suppose people/society expect me to commit suicide. Those in power will do everything and anything to break our spirit, I own I will to live.

I would not be surprised if they try to get me EVICTED, take my rental assistance away, destroy all my notebooks... I guess I resent not having anywhere to store my journals should I get evicted.

The truth leads to a homeless shelter.

It would be a tragedy for my notebooks to end up rotting in a dumpster.

I guess I never took into consideration the complications of preserving my "life's work".  
Maybe after reading a bit more of Solzgenitzyn's In the First Circle, I will meditate on some C/ORAN.  
HOW SAD LIFE HAS TURNED OUT TO BE!



Raw. Emptiness. How to ignore the ravaging of our spirit? Surely my mother watches the television, but can she ignore the pangs in her heart about what a miserable existence this has been?

We have always been allies, and now I sense she is fed up watching me "destroy myself with alcohol". She is preparing herself for my disappearance, my institutionalization? How lonely she must be, now full of fear, worry, anxiety. I am not responsible for her happiness or security. Like in the film, *The Exorcist*, I am like Demian Karass, saddened with guilt over being too poor to properly care for his mother.

The vulgarities I screamed at my mother yesterday could have come directly out of someone demonically possessed. Is there any evidence of a self? I think I am determined to renew the Solzhnitsyn novel as I do not want to rush through it. This apartment complex is so quiet that it gives me the creeps. I ponder if Jamie understands. Will she play stupid?



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I don't want to dwell on my recent explosions of rage directed, first at brother in law Joe, then at my mother; but I am, kind of relieved to have no funds for imbibing alcohol. I am much calmer when not inebriated, much less likely to lash out and say things I will long regret. Also, I sense I will really have to defend myself against those in positions of authority who may think they have me at their mercy, i.e., the management of this apartment complex, the apartment that I find so creepy because it is more quiet than a graveyard.

What a difference from Freehold!

Where will I relocate to next?

I am always moving, it seems...

January 2014 is a long way off, but the management here, many request or even demand I leave, accusing me of violating my lease with excessive noise. I same old shit.



Some stupid commercial radio (gort) station has the 99.5 FM slot on the airwaves. ∴ I can no longer tune into WBAI. Free Speech Radio News is supposedly about to go under due to lack of funding and WBAI itself may lose its transmitter on the Empire State Building by the end of the month. The Enemy is trying to silence non-commercial radio, which includes indigenous voices and the voices of the literate minority. Am I very upset about this or have I become quite apathetic?

It just makes me despise gort culture more. These goofy celebrities and the fools who idolize them! These fearful, controlling TV evangelists and the sheep who sit listening to them as if it makes them righteous! Perhaps it is the gort in my own mother that enrages me ... what I call "space-age mother". Space-Age gort mother who listens to her AA sponsor when she says time in the county jail keeps me off alcohol and that "the Higher Power" has a plan for me ... I suppose AA sheep would see zookeepers and apartment complex managers as agents of this so-called Higher Power as well.

I am so turned off by religion that I even find it difficult to read "Black Elk Speaks", a book I once cherished. I prefer Ligotti's Vision.



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How to get through a life not worth living? Another way to put this question would be, how to acclimate oneself to "not feeling well", to being miserable?

How does one omit the mandates of survival from our lives out of stratospherically acerbic indignation?

Life itself is objectionable and not worth living. Those of us who have the most intellectual integrity and emotional honesty are those of us who complain the most. Of course, if one complains too much in the work-a-day world, that one soon gets dismissed as an unemployable personality. If one has any friends, in order to keep those friends, when they ask how you are doing, you better say, "I can't complain!" or else soon nobody will ask you how you are doing and you will be left alone with your complaints.

As Ligotti sarcastically expresses in The Conspiracy Against the Human Race, on page 172, "Start thinking the way God and your society want you to think or be forsaken by all. No melancholic head-case is going to bad-mouth our catastrophe. The universe was



created by the Creator, damn it. We live in a country that we love and that loves us back. We have families and friends and jobs that make it all worthwhile. We are somebodies, not a bunch of nobodies without names or numbers or retirement plans. None of this is going to be overhauled by a thought criminal who contends that the world is not doubleplusgood and never will be."

"To lay it on the line, whatever thoughts may enter your chemically imbalanced brain are invalid, inauthentic, or whatever dismissive term we care to hang on you, who are only "one of those people"."

How the gorts keep up the face:

- They pretend they feel good (FAKERS, PHONIES)
- They avoid pessimists and depressives, people they call "NEGATIVE", people with "BAD ATTITUDES"
- They lie to themselves and each other
- They take medications to alter moods

Is it possible to exist authentically in a phony society?



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Before "reporting to apartment management," I am reading through some notes from 2004 where I had been debating a pseudo-politician named Joe Bialek on the Fort Busters website. In a thread about poverty I wrote an essay called [VISIBLE] Enemies of the Poor. Going over these ideas will strengthen my presence of mind for my continuing battles against authorities and authority-worshipping stock neighbours.

<<< "Who are the VISIBLE enemies of the poor? The paragraphs are too far removed, too hidden. The visible enemies of the poor are actually the landlords, the shopkeepers, and even agents of the State. Since the State is ill-financed and bureaucratic, the good intentions of many of the decent folks who work for it are distorted and thwarted. For the poor, the welfare State means a humiliating dependence and fear, and requires a constant battle against authority. The welfare State is a fraud. Those who boast about having created welfare in the name of humane values are the worst hypocrites."



"It would seem there were a liberal plot to be able to manipulate and control the dispossessed, but this is not necessarily the case. The welfare system was created over the most violent resistance of by most men of property and wealth. With welfare, the restless natives are bought off. >>>

Another excerpt from Autumn 2004 when living at the Flame Motel in Farmingdale (comical?):

<<< An old Black Muslim tried to convince me that

- ① My thought processes have crystallized and have become inflexible.
- ② I have a built-in rebellious attitude toward the State
- ③ I have been black listed.
- ④ I have no chance making a living in New Jersey with poems such as DROWNING IN NIGHTMARE attached to my "identity".

When I asked what to do he advised me to "ride this until the wheels fall off" and to understand I have deep psychological "problems" >>>



Another relevant note from 2004 that I can reflect upon before going to see apartment manager to be reprimanded and threatened and harassed:

<<< I sense the "social engineers" have discussed my case behind closed doors, and that there will be a conspiracy to control and manipulate me. >>>

Remember John Trudell's advice. Those who wish to control and control us expect us to react to their manipulations. We must stop reacting and start THINKING!

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Reporting to the office was painless. Jamie was ever so pleasant. I wore blue jeans, purple sweat shirt, and olive green dress jacket (that I graduated from Rutgers in).

I explained how I lost my phone. She said that there were complaints about my music. Actually, what she did was to ask me very gently, "Do you have your radio on the floor?"

I said that my radio had been on the floor but since I got my chest of journals recently, I place the radio on top of the chest. She said, "OK. That's all". She inquired about rugs. I confessed that I don't have many (just one)



Now, relieved not to have received a threat of eviction, I walked down to the lake, intending to feed the ducks, but there are no ducks to be seen. Still, an immediate calmness comes over me down here. I can't help but feel an attraction toward this young woman who manages the office, but since I know myself to be forever falling in and out of love with women, I am just taking it in stride. I am almost relieved not to have money for booze as my nerves are calm. My last few drinks produced disastrous results.

I know that a most pleasant way to spend the afternoon is to lay on my back reading. I have much that interests me. I'm not sure where Solzhenitsyn is going with In the First Circle, but he provides enough little gems along the way to make the text interesting. Who knows? I may be able to finish reading it by the 13th when it is due now that I am not drunk.

I just have to tear myself away from my own notes and my own thoughts.

I have discovered that the "spiritual techniques" that a prisoner develops to get through life are of the same species as the techniques one ~~employs~~ on the dole (social security/welfare) may implement so as not to be overwhelmed by the

JABYKS,



If I have been "blacklisted" ~~and~~ due to the rebellious nature of my intellect as well as the subversive ideas I have fearlessly expressed in such a combative manner as to make it laughable to expect to ever earn a living in the corporate world again (corporate state included) then all I really can do is ride this until the wheels fall off, meaning, do my time like a zek, like I am Aborigine on a reservation, like a hostile creature trapped in a zoo.

As a marginalized freak in a literate minority, a highly literate tiny minority, I have some compensations. I can continue to exist as an obscure intellectual, sleeping when I am sleepy. I can be up in the twilight and take power naps in between meals in the day time. I have no shame about being a chronic masturbator knowing this to be the supreme form of sexual release.

Of course I will still have eyes for women I encounter, but knowing the agony of emotional entanglements, I may content myself with fantasy and daydreams. This will be quite a long month, indeed!

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## A STRATOSPHERICALLY ACERBIC INDIGNATION

No matter how attracted I am to a woman, all I seem capable of is to exchange copulatory glances, entertain thoughts, fantasies, daydreams, etc. I just don't act on my impulses. If I were to become intimate with a woman, she would have to initiate an advance, for I have become a shy lone stepper like Harry Haller of Hermann Hesses great philosophical autobiography.

Without a telephone I have no choice but to slip into more primordial ~~patterns~~<sup>rhythms</sup>, surrendering to the ~~fact~~ reality that, with no automobile, I am not an industrialized humanoid, but simply a human being, an ape-like creature who, in order to travel 5 miles, must hoof it for 3 hours.

I am living in a different orbit than most of my "contemporaries."

Perhaps I feel I am a separate species. Wilhelm Reich distinguished between "armored man" vs "unarmored man."

John Tundell distinguished between "humanoid" vs "human Being."

For me, the armored humanoid, very much part machine is the illusion-embracing gort. And the Being who sees that "Nothing that is so, is so?" What do I call that non-gort? Real People (as opposed to <sup>FAKE</sup> PHONIES)



There are benefits to not having Internet or computer (not to mention television/DVD or automobile). One has less distractions. Now, without a telephone, it is even more clear. So I distract myself from my own thoughts in different ways: literature, diaries, music. Some moments I am content just to stare into the Abyss. And yet, reading literature is a deeper way to pass time than watching films. I also can say that writing privately is most likely much deeper than writing a letter or writing on a blog or in an on-line forum.

How so?

One is inviting one's own soul!

It is as Schopenhauer told us. Whereas some may depping to be alone, preferring to socialize at some church or meeting or restaurant, there are those who delight in being alone because they are free to "enjoy themselves". This is Natural Power - to be comfortable with ourselves, to be free from that oppressive sense of lack that plagues our society - promoted by advertisements and social norms. Is this emotional independence? Could a solitary man and a solitary woman be compatible? I think so!



2013. 03. 12 Tuesday Awaken with powerful energies. I will have to walk out doors after coffee. I do not want to be cursed of my Natural Power. I will use ancient breathing techniques to harness and channel my natural power. I will NOT have my energies stolen. I am not a resource to be used by govt society.

As I am just about half way through the Solgenitsyn novel, and it is due tomorrow, I will have to hoof it up to the library - an all day affair. I will renew the book, see if any holds are in, and even check on 1984, a 925 page novel from Japan recently translated. I will pack meat loaf sandwiches. I will use the Internet. I will LIMP.

Tonight I'm just going to browse through my little collection of texts and may even pick out one of my journals at random to reflect upon. This is, after all, the way my Being endures itself. For all I know, I may enjoy my own Being more than others enjoy their situation, so I have no envy nor ugly resentments.

"How easy it is to be 'deep': all you have to do is let yourself sink into your own flaws."

~ Cioran



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Contrasting Black Elk's worldview with Thomas Ligotti's leads me to contradictory and confusing visions. I guess I have never been so confused and yet never so honest either.

If over the next few decades our world experiences great changes, this coincides with my parents' aging, and I am concerned. I mean, how will my mother hold up during the collapse of civilization? How will I be able to comfort her? She does not like to discuss such "heavy issues".

I pray (to what, I don't know - The Great Mysterians?) for the strength and courage to at least comfort her. I do not want to abandon her or do something reckless (self-destructive). Am I experiencing a leap in emotional maturity where I see the utter vanity of "rock stardom" or being a famous author?

My most noble identity is that of a thinker and philosopher. This identity is not dependent upon fame or fortune, but is ingrained in my BEING.



2013:03:13 Wednesday

Well, since I do not have a telephone I have to walk to the library to renew/return texts, and since this is an all-day affair, I will be packing meat loaf sandwiches. I am reaching a level of honesty within my own mind where I am able to think thoughts that seem to me forbidden, thoughts which challenge the notion that there was ever a good time to have been born, thoughts which allow me to embrace weird theories about the nature of reality, thoughts which challenge the hypothesis of the self, thoughts which liberate me from culturally defined sanity.

The roots of my unmeasurably bitter rage against existence may go much deeper than displeasure with this ironcast civilization of ours, but may extend to an indignation against the horrors of being born into a hostile universe itself, and in this way, my reaction is more "Christian" than so-called Christians. I am enthusiastic about this deeper level of honesty.

I also want to experiment with different ways to write, returning to a kind of "automatic writing". Let us probe the term Weird: fearfully and mysteriously strange or fantastic; eerie, spooky, uncanny, unearthly; related  $\rightarrow$  creepy, haunting, unnatural, preternatural; supernatural; Supernal; curious, odd, peculiar, queer, strange; inscrutable,



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mysterious; awe-inspiring, awful, dreadful, fearful, horrific.  
Converse notions of 'weird' are: common, commonplace,  
everyday; natural, ordinary, normal.

While I surely understand that so-called civilization  
has been the most brutal and violent process, I also  
am entertaining ideas that life itself is horrific.

These "weird theories" have implications in  
for how I view the world on many levels, and  
shed light on the nature of my alienation from  
mainstream society as far as unemployment  
goes, as far as my sense of estrangement  
from humankind goes.

This is an attempt to move toward DIS-  
ILLUSIONMENT, i.e., to destroy illusions. It is  
also an attempt to attempt to allow for contradictions.  
This is a radical phenomenology. One of my favorite  
aphorisms by Cioran is, "Our vacillations bear  
the mark of our poverty; our assurances, of our  
imposture. A thinker's untruthfulness may be  
recognized by the sum of precise ideas he  
advances."

The less certain we are, the more confused,  
and the more honest we are being!



vacillate  $\rightarrow$  to sway back and forth - indecisiveness  
 probity  $\rightarrow$  honesty; incorruptibility  
 assurance  $\rightarrow$  confident belief  
 imposture  $\rightarrow$  deceptive

In order to have reached this level of incorruptible honesty, I have had to become weird (uncommon), challenging the "natural commonsense worldview" of the society I am born into.

"Self-pity is not so sterile as we suppose. Once we feel its mere onset, we assume a thinker's attitude, and come to think of it, we come to think!" ~ Cioran

To pity ourselves for having been born is to begin to THINK, to consider the reality that, in having been born, we have suffered some kind of cosmic injustice.

Note: I may focus on journals  $\alpha$ ,  $\beta$ ,  $\gamma$  (42, 43, 44) from 1994 - 1996. Here is a crucial point when I was focused on Calculus then targeted by the underground forces for "destruction."



As mentioned, I am going through Black Elk Speaks again but any kind of glowing interest (surprisingly). I think I lost Basic Call to Consciousness! Besides the Ligotti Manifesto, I will attempt to reread Schopenhauer's World As Will & Representation, Volume 1. Merleau-Ponty's Phenomenology of Perception and even the Husserl writings on TRANSCENDENTAL PHENOMENOLOGY.

Actually, my main occupation will be going through my diaries from 1994 through 2002 to try to reawaken my interest in mathematics and the fundamental concepts of computer science.

Now that a career in the field is most certainly not my motivation (as I have been BLACKLISTED due to my radical and subversive ideas), I may be motivated by pure interest in the subject. I have 3 weeks to get through the second half of Solzhenitsyn's In the First Circle, so I am in no rush.

When I reread Toltz's hilarious A Fraction of the Whole it will be for the pleasure of it, for the laughs, imagining how many jaybirds in Freehold might enjoy that book. I am in no rush to read the 925 page 1Q84 by Murakami.



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I suppose having lost the phone is not such a terrible set back, although it most likely did cause me unnecessary grief. I mean, after the rage I expressed, directed first at my brother-in-law, then at my mother, it has been a good "reprieve" not having a phone, being inaccessible. There is no way for me to know how my mother is doing, so I have been forced to detach emotionally and psychologically.

Also, I can just accept that there is something about the dynamics of my relations with my sister and her husband that have pained me enough to not want to contact them anymore. Too much guilt, sin, and blame. My hatred for their religious beliefs is not a passing phase. It is deep and true.

One thing that John Tindell's philosophy that really liberates me is his unapologetic attack on those who claim to be "Children of God" or even claim to be gods and goddesses in human form.

That there is a religious manifesto directing humans to go and subdue the earth - so obvious! Tindell encourages those of European ethnicity to look into their tribal roots to see how we were "civilized", to look into how brutal and violent this process has been. I do not honor my blood relatives who have perpetuated and propagated the lies of our subduers.



If shame is a core emotion in gauging our relations with others, then I have to acknowledge some degree of shame I feel about the things I told my mother when she refused to drive us to the Soul Kitchen because I was inebriated. She and Joe Fili both reject this part of me. These rejections experience alienate me from others in my life to the point that my closest relationships are with those whose lives are also filled with such disasters.

If I hadn't walked all those miles to explain my outbursts, then I would consider my relation to my mother dead in the water. She is aware that my mentor, Arthur Schopenhauer did not speak to his <sup>own</sup> mother for the last 25 years of her life. No matter what I do for my mother, she still judges me harshly when I am inebriated, as does Joe Fili. There is something about this I find shallow. It actually angers me.

Similarly, that my brother-in-law has so many rules about what I can talk about has brought me to the point that I want nothing more to do with him or my sister. I ~~will~~ will no longer ask them for help. I am detaching from the entire nuclear family. I had planned on sticking it out to help my mother as she ages, and now I am wondering if she even appreciates me.



Does she try to understand me or does she believe all the AA disease bullshit and blame my situation entirely on substance abuse?

I refuse to be what society (which includes my space age mother) wants me to be. I feel how my parents defer to the authorities of this world, and when I face down this civilization, I have to be prepared to face down the nuclear family (Daddy-Mommy).

My father helps me with money often.

I appreciate all he has done for me.

Does he try to understand me though?

He understands that I am black listed as a trouble-maker. My mother even suspects I have a file for secret government organizations who keep track of "radicals".

Neither would try to protect me from the authorities as they themselves are afraid and intimidated by the Powers That Be. I have had to look beyond the nuclear family for guidance. Both my grandfathers were "company men," i.e., servile scientists.



My personality is most likely much more like an ancestor from three thousand years ago, 120 generations ago, before we were despiritualized, before we were conquered as tribal peoples, before we were "civilized."

When these conflicts arise, when I see clearly the dissatisfaction I feel as far as my relationships go, I do not want to blame myself. My parents brought me into this world. I did, I not choose to be born. The oppressor religion says, "Honor thy mother and father." What does this mean, that I am to serve society in the same capacity as my father, that I am to build freezers for the businessmen? Does it mean I am to be oppressed by the God that my mother and sister are oppressed by?

I require strength and courage. My mother, at age 72, has sold herself into wage slavery. This will end up breaking her heart, not any outbursts I make while inebriated. I do hate the society/culture my parents/grandparents brought me into, and that society includes mother, father, sister, brother-in-law.



For sure I have been the most courageous thinker in the family in the modern era, in the post-tribal era. While I have took the time to try to get to the truth of the matter, my father, I like his father, submits to the status-quo, losing himself in work and spectator sports. My mother submits to the herd via Catholicism, 12-Step Self-Help Therapy, and Psychiatry. My sister has an unhealthy obsession with patriarchal fables and spitefully longs for the day when (dead) I see she has been right. Totally brainwashed!

It is the force of my intellect that is outraged. It is my strength and courage coming of age that is causing these ruptures. I refuse to accept guilt, sin, and blame for possessing a strong essence. I will no longer play the role of "sinner". I will no longer play the role of "sick alcoholic". These degrading roles are meant to discredit and invalidate me, to make those authority-fearing cowards feel more secure before the abyss. I refuse to cry any more tears over the fact that my mother is quite prepared to LOSE ME. I will not let her hurt me again.



Somewhere in her mind (her heart) she has to have some clue as to the bitterness I must experience having been so poorly received by this society - how I am mocked by the mediocre, how my lifestyle, my intellect, my integrity is crushed into the mud by the wealth-warped values of consumerist capitalism.

That my mother might benefit were I to have turned out to be a well paid liar cannot prevent her from loving the sensitive intellectual I have become.

Still, I sense my "nuclear family" is quite prepared to witness me dragged away in the middle of the night by "Homeland Security" or NSA or some other secret branch of Empire simply for the sentiments I have articulated on the Internet. Mark Twain's *Taylor Billings* comes to mind.

So, with all this in mind, how does one prepare to confront the fascistic society in one's everyday life? The love of nuclear families does not seem to be love at all. It is more about PUNISHMENT. And yet do we still not have ANIMAL LOVE? Has it all been destroyed?



78  
Ø  
[What I admire most about Arthur Schopenhauer is his honesty and openness. While I am nowhere near as talented a scholar as he, what I do have in common with him, I know he would appreciate: my honesty.

Zamyatin, author of We (which inspired Orwell's 1984), Huxley's Brave New World, Levine's This Perfect Day, Vonnegut's Player Piano, etc), said that Schopenhauer and Cioran wrote as children would have... honestly.

This is why I limit my literary pursuits to the diary. I aim to write the truth. I suppose DISILLUSIONMENT may cause us some grief and even some horror, but just making an effort to express our most intimate feelings, our most forbidden thoughts, DOES HAVE VALUE. And should we discover

ourselves totally alone in a science-fiction horror nightmare world, well then, at least we, the protagonist, is heroically relaying some kind of message, if not to a future (notebooks get thrown in dumpsters, get destroyed), then to THE INVISIBLES.



I am enjoying the process of going through my old diaries. It's a shame I became so enraged on the phone, but I suppose neither my sister or my brother-in-law understand that these diaries are all I have. They are a mirror to my soul, more important to me than all the books published and available at the library.

This month will be very difficult as far as food goes. I may be living on rice and then just peanut butter before the month is over. Surely, I will eat all the spinach and I will be forced to use the food pantry for my monthly ration. This is reality. Remember the Manifesto of Joe Stacks. All my education, all my scholastic achievements, all my emotional intelligence, sense of humor and inner song does not guarantee FOOD, SHELTER, CLOTHING. The food, shelter, and clothing I get are from social security & rental assistance. Were I to lose these government assistance "entitlements," I would have to resort to BEGGING IN THE STREETS. Thankfully I studied Schopenhauer! I am an aesthetic!



Reading WWRv1 is like looking into a mirror and must be considered a work of art by a genius, a mind so coherent as to be considered supernatural or uncanny. Since this book had such an impact on me, it makes sense to return to it as a monk returning to a canonical text to rediscover the quality of the thought processes of the author.

Note that the work would never have been published were Schopenhauer not to have financed the endeavor himself, so at odds he was with the authorities of his era.

To this day, my nephew thanks me for sneaking him that work when he was only 15 years old. He had to hide the book from his violently religious parents who abused him with religious sanctimoniousness of wicked proportions. Tribalism still exists.

As his maternal uncle, my presence of mind could not sit by and do nothing. I did what I could, and I am "blamed" by his parents for his MENTAL INSURRECTION.

The section § 5 in WWRv1 focuses on the controversy over the reality of the external world. It is clear to me that, while Edmund Husserl does not mention Schopenhauer, his "invention," PHENOMENOLOGY is merely an application of Schopenhauer's genius.



It is clear to me that Husserl's "phenomenological region" is Schopenhauer's "world as representation."

There is, thus self-same world of EXPERIENCE we encounter as BEINGS which is dependent upon KNOWING/FEELING sentience in order to BE experienced. Life is a long dream. Our experiences while sleeping

are just as valid as our experiences awake in the day-to-day existence. On some deep level, S and I are connected, emotionally/intellectually.

Even as we both recognize the undesirability of our reproducing offspring, our temperaments are compatible, and we are able to "relate" to each other as strong minds. There is nothing unethical about our Platonic relationship.

Certainly I have affectionate feelings for her. I am also reluctant to intentionally bring life into this world as I am strongly leaning in the direction that life may be a cosmic accident. Therefore, there are no dominance issues between us.

I notice many women that I surely would be able to procreate with, but fortunately for me, none take me by the hand. None seduce me. They leave me alone, seeing as I am reluctant to sell myself into slavery just to replicate. I am a tough nut to crack!



Is it possible that the villain in Toole's A Confederacy of Dunces is none other than Ignatius's mother Agnes? She does call "Charity Hospital" (psychiatric ward) and the ambulance is on its way as Ignatius escapes with Maria Minkoff (with his notebooks). Note that in all three stories: A Confederacy of Dunces; Toltz's A Fraction of the Whole; the film "Henry Fool"; the massive amount of writings in composition notebooks, are central yet ~~are~~ the contents are rarely revealed. The novels don't show the contents. The novels become a medium to let the reader view the mysterious scribbings.

I have been reflecting upon Vonnegut's Player Piano, how Paul Proteus descends into the "underclass" — the Wrecks & Wrecks in a similar way I personally descend into the "jungleland" of Ashbury Park, the Tent City in Seattle, el barrio de Freehold Borough ... and what cool people I discover at Buck's ARROW HEAD tavern? They are nothing like the phonies to be found at The Metropolitan Cafe on Main Street in Freehold! Or The American Hotel, for that matter.

I become infuriated when some asshole employee of a restaurant on Main Street insults me as a LOSER when the force of my intellect is far superior. **INFURIATED!** What a FARCE SOCIETY IS!



Note from February 1995 journal (#42 → X):  
 "Riemann lived a life of poverty, nervous breakdowns,  
 and died at age 39."

Ø  
 I just finish reading through H42 from 1994/1995.  
 It put much into perspective for me. Sherry was  
 my first real experiment with cohabitating with a  
 woman for a long duration (3 years). Returning  
 to college made me realize Sherry and I  
 were not compatible. When I was young, I  
 remember my Great Grandmother advising me  
 against marriage... in a subtle way. It  
 was she who advised Sherry and I to just  
 live together to see if we were "suited".

I am in no rush to fly through Schopenhauer's  
 WWRvI as I have read it plenty before.  
 This time around, over 20 years since I first  
 read it, I am rediscovering the power of his thoughts.  
 Reading Solzhenitsyn's In the First Circle, recently  
 translated - the UNCENSORED CANONICAL TEXT - is  
 proving to be a spiritual experience, letting me  
 know I that my "troubles" have not destroyed  
 me but have actually connected me to the  
 people I most identify with: the downtrodden.



Ø

47

[ Note from May 1995: "Problems accrue from the excessive and inappropriate expression of anger and hostility." No comment.

Also, "unconditional self-acceptance most clearly provides an antidote to depression." → It is what it is.  
or It's not our fault we are traumatized.

August 1995 → "I don't pray to a god or even to ancestors. I enter a trance-state of prayer."  
"Prayer is a process I will practice, in order to meditate, relax, concentrate, and merge with The One."

What is The One? The Spirit That Moves Through All Things, All Animal Bodies, All Plant Life, All Rocks, All Dirt, All Water, All Air, All Fire, All Things, i.e., THE ONE. We are Legion.

Is this automatic writing? This is stream of consciousness...

PRAYER ⇒ PHENOMENOLOGICAL INTROSPECTION  
⇒ SELF-OBSERVATION  
⇒ Nature belongs <sup>to</sup> itself. I am Nature.  
∴ I BELONG TO MYSELF. ]



[ Another note from the wretched diary #43 (1995) that was a rare insight in the midst of page after page of romantic nonsense:

"Secretly I am grateful for my failures for they have led me to the present. I am grateful that my mental faculties have isolated me from the masses who are far more deeply entangled in the fabricated illusions of ~~our~~ this collapsing civilization - a perfumed corpse."

"The intellect is furious that it is lulled by biological necessity."

The enemy uses our wants and our primitive needs to corall us, to enslave us, to drain our energies. Those who wish to control every square inch of life on this planet have become experts in manipulation. How to resist? We must stop reacting and start THINKING!

\* Cast off ~~social~~ socially-constructed roles and know that we are of blood, bones, and water - part of the earth itself.



Ø

The Spirit That Moves Through All Things says,  
 "It is what it is." John Tanglell came out  
 with a song this past year with that title. I  
 wrote the same thing in November 1995.

Going through these old "records", I wonder if the  
 people I read about in my notes "feel" it - in a  
 telepathic/shamanic way.



2013.03.15 Friday Not having a telephone has driven home to me  
 just how isolated I am in this world, just how alienated,  
 just how little real connection I have to nuclear family. How  
 easily these lifelong relations can be destroyed. Is my family  
 an illusion? If not for government assistance, would I be  
 lost in the penal system?

While the film, "Henry Fool", is merely a film, my living  
 story is real. I am in a sort of exile. We are expected by our  
 society to just adapt to idiotic norms, to push the cart of civilization,  
 to happily take our place on the geek squad for minimum wage,  
 or even to submit to insulting and denigrating "day programs"  
 and "behavioral health care". My mother understands why I  
 rebel. My father sympathizes with my situation: BLACKLISTED.



[ Even were I not blacklisted by those who sniff out subversion,  
my essence is not the docile, subservient, contrite,  
happy slave. A revolutionary presence of mind can't just  
submit to becoming an obedient worker. This is reality.  
Of course, the society will not sympathize with me when I  
go cold or hungry, for they will see this as the consequence  
of me being a "trouble maker". ]

Once I finish reading Solzhenitsyn's In the First Circle  
~~and then~~ <sup>while</sup> re-reading for the third time,  
Steve Toltz's A Fraction of the Whole, this time, out loud,  
I may resurrect my engagement with mathematics, for  
it has become all too clear I am not going  
to become what this society expects a penniless  
human being become: a happy slave.

Now, since my parents are still, even at age 72,  
all too willing to remain slaves to corporations  
and money-changers, I do not seek out their  
advice. Even Joe Fili, who is all too  
impressed with the work-ethic of the Chinese,  
can only advise me to seek gainful employment.  
Nothing that is so, is so. Indeed.

I am beginning to be repulsed by the herd  
morality of those who claim to love me. And so  
I have no choice but to DETACH with an  
attitude of stratospherically acerbic indignation.



## DETACHMENT AS THE FINAL VICTORY OVER THE WORLD

[ John Kennedy Toole committed suicide mostly from the frustration of not being able to publish a comedic novel with anti-Semitic undertones in a <sup>publishing</sup> world dominated by Jews. Point blank

I am not looking to "publish" anything. What I write is not designed for mass consumption. I write "stream of consciousness". I am not of the masses, but a literate, well-read and marginalized MINORITY. I see too clearly my situation. ]

I used to say I would not commit suicide because I don't want to add to my mother's personal nightmare existence. This is no longer my reason for not committing suicide.

I have at long last allowed myself to see my mother as she is: a frightened sheep who would sell me up the river in a heartbeat, a stooge who tells her psychiatrist all about her son's rage against the status quo, a stubborn imbecile who is going to drive her motor vehicle until she gets seriously injured (or dies) in a vehicular misadventure.

My father also. He stubbornly continues to play his macho role of tough workhorse at age 72. Neither is ready, willing, or able to face the Abyss.



Going through record book from 1996 (Writings 44) does not depress me, although one might think it would. It only clarifies the details of my character development. I do not regret losing the job at State Park Service, nor do I regret losing residence at Tank House. It was so long ago, for sure, but it helps me put things into perspective. I was a state slave. I was also a sitting duck for the underworld.

It also helps me to note how long I have been at odds with my sister and her husband and their damned religiosity and "self-righteousness".

What reason do I have to miss Freehold but for easy access to the privacy in the woods & fields of my childhood - and even the lands of the so-called "State". At least I am officially an enemy of the State. I have developed a natural, inborn hostility toward the corporate state and its slaves.

By page 244 of Scruffings 8 (H44:1996), I note the dynamics of the tensions between my sister and I, between my brother-in-law and I, and how this has related me to my nephews.

My mother is my closest relative, but when she fears me, this hurts my feelings. Besides that, she is too quick to involve

PSYCHIATRIC AUTHORITIES POLICE STATE.



How deep does the rabbit hole go? Meaning, when living in Freehold, how many observed, mean, informed, "authorities" about what I spoke about, what I write about? It is, all too clear, that I am one of the more coherent and radical thinkers alive on the planet right now.

If I can get used to the Hell that is BRICK, I mean, living down it 70 with the only places to look forward to, visiting the Path Mark, the K-Mart, and the Walmart, how can I not look forward to visiting the Arrowhead Bar ???

And this month will be rough. I will be documenting what it comes down to, as far as food goes, as far as how to smoke tobacco without rolling papers or pipe. The corn/cot pipe must have also been in the back pack. I will have to make pipe out of aluminum foil! use newspaper

### JAIL BIRD / ZEK INTELLIGENCE

As long as I am documenting my experiences, writing truthfully, this means I have unconditional self-acceptance with NO GUILT, NO SIN, NO BLAME.

Reading my stream of consciousness gives me psychological insight into my patterns of behavior as well as my thought processes themselves. It is not my mother's fault that she does not understand me. I am deep.



I want to remember that the journey is a metaphor for character development. Have I forsaken the idea of creating some kind of literary work? No, all that I have done is acknowledged these very notebooks, my "memoirs," as the life's work of this philosopher-in-the-flesh. I may not be a shaman, but I am shamanic, influencing many facets of the world at various levels. My current scribbles are far more coherent than they were in 1996, or 1986. Much less occult than 1988, much less "obsessed with women" than 1992-1997 or even 2006-2009.

Whereas Hermann Hesse produced a novel called Steppenwolf, which is considered philosophical autobiography, I am a LIVING STEPPENWOLF IN THE FLESH, a living Hesse writing RECORDS, "For Madmen Only." With no funds for alcoholic inebriation, I resort to lots of tea and coffee and tobacco. I write as one possessed by demons or "the Devil." I feel strong, not at all overwhelmed. Not afraid to face our reality. And it is OUR REALITY, dear reader.

Reading aloud passages from the Ligotti manifesto is quite liberating. No matter how much I appreciate either of my parents' support, intellectually and spiritually, who has been willing to try to UNDERSTAND ME? Too much to ask?



Note about this 7th reading of The World As Will & Representation:  
 Certain things stand out this time. As mentioned, I see  
 where Husserl may have come up with his "new science of the  
 mind," namely PHENOMENOLOGY, and I find it suspicious  
 he does not refer to Arthur Schopenhauer. My nephew  
 had made similar observations about Sigmund Freud's  
 "new science" of PSYCHOANALYSIS.

With this reading I also note that Schopenhauer refers  
 to THE THING-IN-ITSELF as THE INNER NATURE  
 OF THE WORLD.

Ø

Remembering that it was my brother-in-law, Joe, who  
 did my laundry when I had ~~been broken~~ was in a wheel  
 chair, I feel rather ashamed at how I went into a  
 rage about my journals. I am sure there will be  
 long term consequences for that. I am sure that he  
 will never help me again. Oh well. I was never  
 included in any gatherings anyway, so at least, he  
 will not have to pretend to care about me  
 anymore. He can curse me freely and openly.

I guess it is what it is. I can't take  
 back my harsh words, nor can I change how I  
 feel about God, the Church, or any other things  
 we disagree about. We have reached a crossroads,  
 and I just won't call over there anymore.



2013. 03.16 Saturday That we are the inner nature of the world  
is something serious and grave, if not terrible, to consider.  
To be astonished is a philosophical emotion. So, behold  
the inner nature of the world, your own being-in-the-world,  
and allow yourself to be ASTONISHED.

One of my favorite characters of In the First Circle is  
Uncle Avenir (uncle of Innokenty Artemievich Volodin). He is  
a proud elderly peasant who hates the proletariat (the working  
class?). He refers to them as the "leading class".  
He says peasants commune with the soil, with nature, and  
that intellectuals (which I consider myself to be) are  
engaged in the noble work of thinking. But the proles  
~~are~~ spend all their lives within ~~dead~~ dead walls making  
dead things with dead machines. How can they ever  
learn anything?

Uncle Avenir says that if you have a position to  
hold down, you have to truckle... and you have to  
be dishonest. "I could <sup>not</sup> even stand being a librarian,  
let alone a teacher."  
~~He~~ Innokenty asks, "What's so hard about a librarian's  
job?"

Uncle Avenir replies, "just go and try it. You have to  
trash good books and praise bad ones. You have to mislead  
underdeveloped minds." What job can be done with a clear conscience?  
Certainly not police, soldier, guard, judge, or prosecutor!



What does it mean to "truckle"?

verb. means to fawn, bootlick, ass-lick, kiss ass, brown nose, to cower, cringe, grovel, kow-tow, truckle under, succumb, follow, tag, tail

In general, to be an obedient dog, to follow orders

A truckler is a ~~psych~~ sycophant, a brown noser.

Well, what my mother calls a "yes-man". So, she does have some understanding of me. She understands I am not a company man. I am not a team player.

One sees clearly in organized, spectator sports this conditioning to follow the chain of command so necessary for the operations of military and civil government, factories, prisons, schools, and even political organizations. Artificial authority parading around as if it were real power.

A hurricane is real power. A blizzard is real power. A tornado, volcano, tsunami - these are all Real, Natural Power that will not submit to the Machine Age, that will not be put in prison. And so the Little Men with their artificial authority rooted in money, capital, ownership view Natural Power as evil. This is why the brujos, the shaman, the witch-doctor is the natural enemy of priests, ministers, and psychiatrists. It is all too clear!



Notes from 1996.11.26 [p.149 Writings 45 = scribbles &]:  
look for text, Anger, Madness, and the DAIMONIC.

Something I have very much in common with both of my parents: We are each basically living very lonely lives.

My father is, for the most part, isolated in a dimension called loneliness. My mother, for the most part, is isolated in a dimension called loneliness. I am isolated in a dimension called loneliness. Question: While my sister tried to fill her life with family, is she not also staring into the Abyss? This is why I do not wish to add to anyone's pain - even though, when in rages, I still do. It is all so very frustrating to witness. I guess, there is only so much one can do - As John Trudell says, "It is what it is."

I will have to go to the food pantry at the end of the road sometime next week. I will wait until I receive utility bill, I guess. I will actually really need it this month. It is what it is. No shame here. I really do believe I am "work shy", i.e., I have an unemployable personality. There is Rage in me. I am unpredictable. WIRED. Weird & wired - that's why, at age 30, I retired!



12  
Some notes from Writings 46 (Winter 1997): Dr. Tim Timan -  
my psychiatrist thought an aggressive woman might sweep  
me off my feet. She suggested I continue to go  
to the Barnes & Noble.

DISILLUSIONMENT - to be free from that which deludes.  
I am free from thinking I will be a rock star.  
Am I free from thinking "an aggressive woman  
will sweep me off my feet"?

Reading about how miserable I was working and  
living at Monmouth Battlefield State Park helps me to really  
appreciate not having to report to work at 8AM. I  
do I am penniless throughout the month. At least I  
know where I stand without constant harassment by  
civil drones always harrasing me! No wonder I rebelled  
against "day programs" - worse than wage-slavery,  
more denigrating than jail. How or why do people  
put up with it? Does no one rebel but me?  
Surely others feel the same way.

I sure hope my mother is alright, but maybe losing  
the telephone has had one benefit: I am able to slip  
into a level of isolation deeper than ever. I am detaching -



2013, 03.17 "Sunday" 01:00<sup>AM</sup> The last 2 pages of Writings 46 contain a letter (email) I had sent to superintendent Chuck Sary — a very humorous and good-natured letter. In the beginning of the next volume (47), in the entry "1997.03.17 Monday 06:45" → <<< The email I sent Chuck, the superintendent of the park I am employed by, had an effect on him. He called telling me I should not be working for the park, that I was a gifted writer. I feel like Hesse's Demian. I am a presence that will stand out from the rest. >>>

This would be validated at Brookdale, at Rutgers, and ultimately on the Internet with gortbusters, whywork, and even ISIS (SILENT RUNNING). It may have been worth estranging myself from my brother-in-law to get these "memoirs" (as he calls them) back in my ~~past~~ possession. Without a telephone, these records, along with Solzhenitsyn's In the First Circle and Schopenhauer's The World As Will & Representation, have helped me to get a grip on my "character development." I know I will run out of food early this month, but I do not have any regrets about "failing" to keep my "position" with the government as a state spare. I am proud to have went on to get my bachelor's degree, ~~even~~ though it did not "land me a job." So still I write. Still I exist as a THINKER / PHILOSOPHER.



\* soul = imagination?

Ø

03.17.13:30

p. 496 In the Inner Circle Solzhenitsyn: <<< Neither birth nor the labor of your hands nor the privileges of education admit you to membership of the People.

Only your soul\* can do that.

And each of us fashions his soul himself, year in and year out.

You must strive to temper and to cut and polish your soul so as to become a human being. And hence a humble component of your people.

A man with such a soul cannot as a rule expect to prosper, to go far in his career, to get rich. Which is why for the most part "the People" is not to be found at the higher levels of society. >>>

This explains a tremendous amount to me, even in such trivial matters as ~~my~~ the animosity between the Mayor of Freehold and myself. His authority is an illusion, whereas I have the love of the People!

Ø

Now, at 5:45PM, knowing my mother is released from her wage-slavery at 6PM, I will prepare for her arrival as I am ever so willing to drive her car to and from Freehold for Corp Beef & Cabbage on Main Street. Am I prepared for her to JUST NOT SHOW UP? HONESTLY? Not really?



I waited an hour outside just in case my mother cared enough about me to drive four miles down at 70 to let me know she was too tired from wage-slavery shifts at Home Depot (and too hungry to wait in line in Freehold with a son who just last week called her a stupid cunt). Of course, she never showed up. Shalonda is not Shalonda. Mom is not Mom. Even though I thought enough of our relationship to walk 5 miles to her, she could not drive 4 miles to let me know how tired and hungry she is.

The phone has not arrived, and if it does not arrive before next month, I will contact them to complain, but I think my relationship with my mother is strained... This is, of course, an understatement.

At this point, acknowledging how I feel about "Main Street" in my hometown. I don't really mind missing the corn beef and cabbage at The Court Jester. I hate the American Hotel. I hate the Metropolitan Cafe. I like Federici's, but I don't miss the old man. I have mixed feelings about the Court Jester. I have a love-hate relationship with Freehold Borough. I don't care for the township, Manalapan, Marlboro, etc. My hamburger stretch by myself is better than corn beef and cabbage on Main Street any day of the year.



There is definitely some sort of inner transformation taking place. I was the only soul left in this world who my mother could count on, and now she has her doubts about how I really feel, how I truly perceive her. My father must also wonder how I really feel.

Even I myself am starting to ask such painful yet illuminating questions: How do I really feel about my relationships with my nuclear, biological family?

Last week I said hurtful things to my mother, but this was not the first time she behaved so bone-headedly just because I had a happy drunk going. She did it in Asbury Park a couple of years back as well. I don't like the way she swats at me when I play with that cat of hers a little rough. What does she think I am, a child?

I am a dangerous full grown ape! My plan is to hold onto section 8 long enough to be able to add my mother to the lease, get a larger unit, and be her caretaker. This, to save her from a nursing home. It is what it is. It's that simple.



Reading through W49 from May 1997, "Discordia", which is one of the crappiest volumes ever - total shit, towards the end there is one important paragraph: I had written my Grandma Kentuck a letter telling her

"I am feeling lonely and depressed. I am not a very happy person. Perhaps I am even miserable. I most likely will not be going back to school. We all would have been better off if we had never been born. I have given up on happiness. I hope I am not a disappointment to you. After all, I did not choose to be born. I am dealing with life as best as I can. May you sleep in peace."

She had called me on the phone June 4<sup>th</sup> 1997. She loved the letter and encouraged me to write her more often. She also told me I was a very important person. She thought I should be using my writing skills.

Ø

In 1997 I earned \$30,000/year. (5 PACKS CIGS → \$8)

In 2013 I live on \$15,000/year! (1 PACK CIGS → \$8)

If inflation/cost-of-living is 5 times x, then I am living on equivalent of  $\frac{15000}{5} = \$3000/\text{year}$  if in 1997!

So it is worse than half salary. More like 10% of salary...

And on SSD, my dole is twice SSI, so imagine! I AM THE PEOPLE



92  
Ø  
Schopenhauer: "Conduct yourself as a knower rather than as a sufferer. The vastness of the world, which previously disturbed our peace of mind, now rests within us. our dependence on it is now annulled by its 'dependence on us'."

Going through some of these notebooks, exposes me to the Mr. Hyde aspect of this Dr. Jekyll, i.e., I witness The Shadow, The Devil in me. I do not want to repress knowledge of my dark side. Just as I scared my own mother last week, I had scared the cat, Forrest, in June 1997 while drunk cranking music so loud - screaming, psychotic.

Maybe many people who have written, besides those such as Antonin Artaud or Sade, refused to acknowledge their dark, repressed, madman side. Do we really even know who and what we are? Is it possible to see ourselves as processes rather than as identities? If everyone is presenting themselves as they want to be seen and not as they really are, then all polite society is a farce. Do I have the courage to BE exactly what I am? Will I be one of the few who is NOT AFRAID TO BEHOLD THE BEAST that we BE?

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2013.03.18 Monday

02:30<sup>AM</sup> Something from Schopenhauer's essay "On Human Nature" that I was reflecting on at the end of June 1997, just before I was arrested (July 14) that I can apply to my ill-will toward nuclear family and sister's husband: "Do not consider a person's bad will, or narrow understanding, as they may lead you to hate ~~them~~ <sup>him/her</sup>; but fix your attention on his/her sufferings, needs, anxieties, and pains."

Exactly. Rather than think Mom selfish for not driving over after her shift to let me know we were not going to Freehold, I immediately considered, I how tired and hungry she must have been from working all weekend as a broom pushing wage-slave at age 72.

This may help me through these inner transformations I am experiencing. If I can focus on the sufferings, needs, anxieties, and pains of "the gorts," maybe I will have less hatred for the masses. Still, I will not allow public opinion to "eat my spirit". Reading my old notebooks, I guess it is clear to me that I am KNOWN in Monmouth County. I seem to be KNOWN in Ocean County too... as a MADMAN?



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Note about discontinuity in memoirs: Writings 50 ends around July 6<sup>th</sup> or so (1997). I then, for some odd reason, continue writing in Writings 48 which I had left half blank. I write in it during a "vacation" that was to last 7 days, but by day 4, after getting into a verbal altercation with Jim Wales the 3<sup>rd</sup> (regional superintendent), I was suspended with pay until back on PSYCHIATRIC MEDICATION. I was commanded to stay out of the shop. I was evidently out of control. Tent set up outside. Very bizarre behavior. Madman. No doubt. By July 14<sup>th</sup> I was arrested for eluding the police which would lead to the forfeiture of my "position". Reading through these records I can admit shamelessly that, yes, I went ape shit crazy. Am I still psychotic? Well, as long as I am not coerced into wage slavery or drained by hangers-on, I can maintain some coherency.

One thing is certain. My writing in 2012/2013, even with interludes of drunken madness is much more coherent and worth reflecting upon than writings from 1995-1997, which are the scribbles of a lunatic. I am not sure how much of the 1997 Jail Writings I will go through. After all, what I want to get to is 1999 to 2012 to mark pages to be included in *Memoirs of a Mad Prophet, Volume 2*.



Even though it is nearly 3:30AM and I would be in a panic were I forced to "hold a position" in society (as a wage slave), since I can sleep whenever I naturally fall asleep, it is not a problem. This is why I refuse to be corralled into any half-of-murrows "day program". Fuck the program. I'm not gettin' with no program!

While I intended to skim through all my jail notes from 1997, the very first page is hilarious. I am a real living Ignatius Reilly! What an attitude!

I really have to consider slowly building another computer, purchasing a domain where I can upload files, investing in a scanner, and just scanning my handwritten scribbles onto the Internet - then consider myself PUBLISHED with no need of big shot publishing companies.

It could be called SCRIBBLINGS OF A MADMAN.

I find it hilarious how I just take being thrown in the county jail in stride, glad to be able to study books on Fuzzy Logic and Calculus and Philosophy, almost as though I appreciated getting the fuck away from my position as a state slave!

All my confrontations with so-called superiors or "authority" have been this ape's challenging dominion over me. Also, my "romantic/emotional" bond with Shalonda is more (not less) VALID because it did not involve sex! Nothing that is so, is so.



18.09.00AM

I may have fallen to sleep after 4:30 AM, but I awoke to the sound of Arundhati Roy's voice on WBAI at around 8:30 AM. She is a bold and coherent woman still, saying what has to be said. It is morally reprehensible to live in a country like the United States and remain silent about its participation in this global war economy based on weapons production. The ruling elite and their media whores treat us all as if we were fools, as if Obama Barrack is any different than the Bush League, Nixon, or Reagan, as if soldiers are heroic, as if the criminal justice system was about justice, as if people are to blame for having no place they can afford to live but for low-income housing or rental assistance.

I enjoy listening to Arundhati Roy speak. She ignites the Antitada of the Mind, the Mental Insurrection, letting these psychotic goofballs in charge, these predatory reptiles who promote family values and the work ethic while wrecklessly sending out the drones in a desperate attempt to maintain their illusion of control.

Rather than allow this catastrophically stupid celebrity culture to drag me through the mud and mock me or lecture me or arrogantly scold me for my inability to be an "obedient worker," I will continue to think, write, and speak about reality, confronting the illusions, illusions of literacy, illusions of love, illusions of wisdom.

\* See Levine's COMMONSENSE REBELLION



## ENEMY OF THE CORPORATE STATE

If the business of the corporate state is to maintain illusions of control, then exposing unpleasant truths about the nature of the war economy which fills the coffers of weapons manufacturers must make one an ideological combatant of those who put so much energy and money into keeping the population in a state of delusion, depression, and idiocy.

Use the New York Times to wrap fish!

How does one combat mass hypnosis? Are the masses educable? Will "the People" come to similar conclusions as the thinking minority of "radical anti-capitalists"?

Those employed by the mental health industry in this medical-industrial-prison complex are the most ill-equipped people to help people liberate their minds from this mass corporate mind fuck. The professionals themselves, from the psychiatrists pushing pharmaceutical brain blockers to the degenerate ass fuckers looking for a career as a professional so as to keep up with their car payments, are conditioned to uphold the status quo. We need more dangerous methods of rebellion, more dangerous to business-as-usual, less SELF-DESTRUCTIVE than POISONING OUR MINDS. \*

\* See Levine's COMMONSENSE REBELLION



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843  
Those who find themselves ~~co~~ coerced/corralled into the behavioral health treatment centers across the nation have pretty much effectively resisted being turned into "useful idiots". We who are classified as emotionally disturbed, mentally ill, unemployable, suicidal, bipolar, schizophrenic, alcoholic, etc inconvenience those who assume to manage the smooth functioning of the medical-military-industrial complex in the Openair Prison of our Culture of Make Believe.

The largest nail gets the hammer, and those with a great force of coherency are dragged through the mud in an attempt to break one's spirit, to make one feel they are becoming overwhelmed. The enemy literally wants us to feel powerless. Even welfare which millions of us depend upon for basic sustenance and shelter puts us in a relationship of dependence, where we constantly battle authority in order to keep our "benefits" and not be corralled into the penal system. The best a coherent thinking being can do seems to be is to try to avoid confrontations with police and psychiatrists. And yet, John Tisdell encourages us to speak to the people we can't speak to now. We can't outfight them, we can <sup>but think</sup> them.



We are basically disenfranchized perfs - We the People.  
 If one strives to ~~the~~ develop fully human powers of perception,  
 one cannot, as a rule, expect to prosper, to go far in any  
 kind of career, or to get rich. The People are never to be  
 found at the higher levels of society. So what are the People to  
 do today? The women are trying to get food for their  
 kids. Many are longing for a smoke... Shall we  
 beg for change for rolling papers so we can snipe cigarettes  
 from ashtrays? Shall we sell our labor to the junk man  
 so we can purchase a 40 ounce bottle of beer? Shall we  
 go to a public library to read Alexander Solzhenitsyn to  
 develop some kind of perspective on just how global and  
 widespread injustice is on this planet we inhabit?

Can Schopenhauer help us liberate our minds?  
 Can the phenomenologists help us out-think those who  
 poison our minds with advertizements and this product  
 they are selling called "mental illness"?

What does it mean to be a BEYONDER? Is this  
 similar to being a FIVE-PERCENTER or a Teacher with  
 a capital T? Is it such an awful thing to not  
 fit into a society grounded in ILLUSION?  
 Is it not a sign of merit and integrity to be  
 useless to the rich industrialists who own  
 presidents and congressmen? No wonder Lucifer is our hero.  
 He has the integrity to rebel against an unworthy God!



While my writing is mostly focused on philosophical autobiography, I would also like to include my critique on our society in general as to analyse what it is we are up against. My trials and afflictions, my not fitting into the work force, my being black listed, placed me in several environments where I have been able to speak to people, The People, who I never would have spoken to were I sheltered holding down a civil servant position looking for promotions, following orders and generally robbed of my life. By reflecting upon the hardships I have endured, I am not "dwelling on the past" but simply validating the renewable quality of the inner being of Nature, which we are a manifestation of. I am verifying my tenacity, my Natural Power.

My greatest weapon is the force of my intellect, my pen, my Voice, my BEING.

Meanwhile, in my day to day reality, the phone Mom and I went out of our way to order still has not arrived. I will try to finish reading the Solzhenitsyn novel tonight then walk to the library to contact them via the Internet. I can also send Mom an email. I will just have to carry meatloaf in my pocket/pouch. Maybe the Tolstoy novel will be there. No matter what, I can no longer afford to care whether anyone can contact me or not. GAME OVER.



Maybe it irks me that once I have fear in me, my mother becomes worse than police - the thought police! To behold the force of my own intellect being at the mercy of such an intellect as hers! It is a wonder I have been so patient. Perhaps this is the reason she can't bring herself to drive over here. She too is feeling the not so subtle inner transmutations where she is preparing to never see me again - or, at least, preparing for a major shift in my attitude.

Surely, much buried anger is surfacing.

Surely, I have lost patience with the whole disease concepts of alcoholics anonymous and the entire medical model of my INDIGNANCE.

To place everything on a chemical balance is an insult to my intelligence. My mother has faith in doctors and AA and the police? How can she?

Yes, I can see it clearly. If the phone does not arrive soon, this rift between my mother and I will get wider, and wider to the point I will wonder what the fuck I am doing living out here in Brick, stranded and alone. If or when I do get the PHONE, I won't use it much. And, Dad, he is ready for my arrest!



Evidently there is great pain in our nuclear family. No one has been spared. I witness my mother alone in this world. She witnesses me alone. We witness my father alone. and yes, I witness my sister alone with her "Master Jesus and the Church Fathers."

No matter what I do for my mother, I am judged when a little tipsy. No matter what she does for me (she had just given me \$20 to cover my bills and \$25 for a replacement phone), I go into a rage when intoxicated, telling her, "I hate you, you stupid cunt!"

Is it because I find life and the world so meaningless, so without purpose, that I am fed up with her paying deference to this abstract concept, God? Or does it go deeper? Knowing she is bound to get in a car accident, she stubbornly continues to drive without caring how I will feel when it happens. And yet, I what would I have her do, go into a nursing home?

I do not believe things will "get better." It is as though I am hardening my heart so that, should she die in a vehicular misadventure, I might be able to remain strong, hard, detached. I want to be ready. I witness how she drives.



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I wonder how long I can go on like this. Month after month, living for no reason but to be here if and when my mother is damn good and ready to need me. I guess I am feeling ashamed of my outbursts against my brother-in-law and my mother, both in the same week. Happy birthday to you both.

Now, here I am stranded in Brick. Was Freehold any better, with my rage against the traffic, my rage against fancy restaurants on Main Street, harassed by some police, hounded by some friends?

There is nowhere to hide from the ravaging of my spirit. I thought my mother and I would spend more time together, but she holds grudges. She punishes me, feeling sorry for herself over the things I shouted at her. Hell, she had me dragged away by ambulance and police my last night at her domicile. She would never think to store my journals at her place.

To the point: I am alone in this world. I don't need to go all the way out west to end my life. I can do it 5 miles from my mother's domicile. And if my mother should die before I get up the nerve, it will make it that much easier. I am running out of reasons to stick around. ENDGAME.



Why write if it is only to portray an ideal image of oneself? I prefer to probe the depths of the unconscious for the real, living breathing raw reality, even if it is unpleasant, shocking, or too revealing. Cognitive dissonance? I am able to harbor ill feelings toward my flesh and blood sister for her sanctimonious self-righteous religious views, and harbor ill will I do. It brings out The Devil in me! Also, while I have a genuine animal love for my lovable mother, her deference to medical-psychiatry, psychoanalytic Christian Twelve Step mentality, as well as very little effort on her part to engage in deep thinking with me really LIMITS our relationship. I have to either just accept this (and continue searching for a more "intellectual" woman, even if just a Platonic relationship) or detach a great deal. I have to note Alvarez's great work on Suicide in The Savage God where one feels rejected when no rejection has taken place. What the Suicide is longing for simply does not exist. Whatever intellectual/spiritual/emotional/psychological connection I had expected to have formed with mother, father, ~~or~~ female partner or friend may simply not exist. I will note here that the closest I came to experiencing some kind of TRIBAL CONNECTION may have been among ~~the~~ what my mother so coldly refers to as my "BUM FRIENDS,"



There may be some hidden truth in my seemingly gut-wrenching outbursts toward my mother: "You are JUST my biological mother! What are you, some kind of marthian? I have had to fall back on The Great Mother, the Earth to get through this wretched existence."

Our biological mothers can't possibly ~~be~~ fulfill our spiritual longings for completion. Even if the woman does not exist, I would be fulfilled by a woman who "can handle me," a woman of depth, inwardness, a woman willing to fight authority with me, not a woman who would advise me to take ~~any~~ ~~me~~ psychiatric medication, not a woman who would silence my powerful voice.

The more I probe into the limits of what my mother and I can be for each other, the less angry I will be; the more I focus on her anxieties, fears, pains, heartache, and suffering, the less her narrow understanding will arouse I hatred in me.

Even if she has already died as I write this (I have no way of knowing since there is no way for anyone to contact me), the fact that I walked five miles to her house last week clears my conscience. I am not totally to blame for my rage. She could be a little less judgmental when it comes to my drunkenness. That goes for puritanical Fili as well.



Schopenhauer was right, that nobody can be ALL THAT to another, that we have to find our strength within ourselves. I trust my mother will be strong as will I. We are both simply experiencing life "on the other side" just due to the absence of the telephone. I think that if we are unable to get in touch with each other without the phone, then it makes no sense whatsoever for me to live out here in Brick. I can either move even closer to Leisure Village next year or simply give up on this idea of having a relationship with my mama the way I imagine some older Italian men have with their elderly mothers, going for lunch together every few days and all that.

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An interesting note from Jail Writings (21 August 1997):  
 <<< Ray Godfrey went to court today. He will be released by tomorrow. He overheard two brownshirts (Monmouth County Sheriff's Department) talking about my case! Little did they know that Ray (a retired homicide detective ~~of~~ Newark, NJ) was my cell mate. The officers were talking about "an asshole Corrections Officer" whose wife was



near-ended in their car on Throckmorton Street. They said, "Some kid goes around their car screaming at the top of his lungs, and the CO calls the Freehold Borough Police for back-up. Now the kid is sitting in the county jail. The poor guy was just trying to make it home. He works and lives at Battlefield Park. Now we're getting pulled into the case, and he should never have been chased by the police in the first place."

It's 16 years later, of course, but I just like to keep a clear vision of just how absurd and chaotic life-transforming events can be, and that I know THE SCORE. Who ~~cares~~ knows where I would have been in my "career" with the Park Service by now. Do you know what, dear reader? Who cares? I certainly don't care. I appreciated the opportunity to go to university full time, to work my brains so hard only to discover I was still not likely to be able to make a living in this society. At least I understand to the extent I just do not fit in this medical-industrial-prison complex except as an outsider intellectual on the dole. PHILOSOPHER.



Somehow reading Solzhenitsyn's In the First Circle is helping me not to become ~~too~~ at all overwhelmed by the strained relationships in my life. After all, I am a passionate man. Chapter 82, Indoctination of Optimism, where a prisoner is reading letters from his wife, who does not pull punches and tells it like it is, paints a clear picture of what life is like for the dispossessed: strained relations, cursing one another... general misery... the same point got across in Journey to the End of the Night. Since I am at p 607 of 741 pages at 9:30 PM, I intend to leave my own Jail Writings on hold, along with Schopenhauer's magnum opus, so that I might trudge and hoof to the library tomorrow, even in the rain. I will drink tea and get into the canonical text, hope Mom is safe, and just send out tender vibrations, focusing more on people's sufferings and anxieties than their bad will or narrow understanding. Maybe something I said to Mom after walking to her domicile may have sunk in, about how disappointed I am with having been born into to such a stupid culture, to such a ... family so ill-equipped to receive me. I may start praying to my Great Grandfathers, men I never met, one from Germany, the other from Sweden. Yes. This is what I shall do. Great Grandfathers, behold me!



Adding to the primitive grandfathers from hundreds of thousands of years back that I seek guidance from in my innermost cosmography, besides my Great Grandfather Hentrich, and Great Grandfather Malmberg, I add Arthur Schopenhauer to those I implore, when I sing, "Grandfathers of the Universe, behold me!"

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In nature and society, everything is interconnected, just as Shalonda Morton, with her Deep Wisdom, would exclaim to me in a burst of sudden insight.

The Spirit Word (UNCONSCIOUS, INNER BEING [of the world]) looks upon me as humble, strong, tenacious, and wickedly coherent. They behold my cooking skills; how I sleep on the floor for four years now; how I do without furniture, television, entertainment systems, automobile [!], "dating", religion, psychiatry, political organizations, fancy clothes, jewelry, dentistry (since 2004), steady employment, - career, position in society, how I must stock up on groceries early in the month and make due with what I have, how I roll my own cigarettes, how I bond with "the People"; how I disdain military, police, politicians, CEO's, and all phonies. how literate & intellectual I am; how I persevere!



2013. 03. 19 Tuesday 02:00 AM No sleep. at p 697/741 of text.  
The chapter "Keep Forever" hit me hard. The robotic  
duties of the corrections officers employed by the State Machinery -  
Automatons. Blockheads. People who must have a position  
at all costs, even on the Slave Patrol. DEGENERATE  
THUGS and IMBECILES or those who don't receive  
natural respect so must have artificial authority.  
Just doing their "job". I see right through them and  
their cohort ass-lickers in the courthouse.  
Slugs. Degenerates one and all. False Authority by  
force - violence and brutality!

I had to cook myself a sausage & egg &  
cheese sandwich on English muffin. As I ate it with  
the ice cold rain falling outside, reflecting on my dwindling  
food supply, I wondered what I would  
do when the food ran out completely. I will surely  
go to the food pantry early Wednesday in case I  
have to make 2 trips. How could I  
get into a situation where I would think of  
stealing food. I haven't done that since 1987.  
I will just have to go with the flow.

Do the well-fed and well-disciplined  
take into consideration the injustice of the status  
quo? It is one thing to go hungry in a  
famine while everyone starves with you. I refuse  
to go hungry amidst so much waste & decadence.



10:45AM I don't have to create any fictional character to write some masterpiece "psychological-philosophical" novel. My own real life will suit the need for a literary protagonist perfectly!

silent writing

changed website name from SILENT RUNNING to SILENT WRITING.  
theme song: Help Me by Mic Genshaw

Now, there are some very "funny" excerpts from my jail "scribblings" of 1997. Take this one, for example, when my cellmate, Ray Godfrey had just been released. I had several packs of cigarettes. Yes, ~~one~~ a jailbird could smoke in the good old days, and a pack was like \$2.66 in jail, \$2.00 on the street. Ray did not smoke. Perfect.

<<< Ray Godfrey was released this morning. I was enjoying my solitude, the key word being, "was."

I just got a new collie named John. His first words were, "I'm dying for a smoke."

His next words were, "Don't they give coffee out here?"

All I could think was, "Why me?"

Just when I was comfortable I am once again dealing with someone peering over my shoulder. Why is it I would rather converse with myself than another human being? People are trouble. Such is life. Endure.

I will not stop writing."



<<

Nature is within us as much as it is outside the concrete  
cinderblocks of which this dungeon is constructed. Pressing  
my body against the wall, my entire body experiences  
the physical barriers placed there by my captives.  
The entire facility is a fortress designed to trap  
our animal bodies. Civilization.

An off-duty police officer may never elude nor  
resist arrest because he is confident his badge  
will protect him. Not always! The governor has  
her chauffeur drive 90 miles per hour down the  
Garden State Parkway... >>>

I am considering going to Pennsylvania to visit Gibby.

I began speaking Toltz's A Fraction of the Whole onto  
digital voice recording device. My goal is to transfer it  
in order into a folder on Mom's harddrive, then burn  
it onto audio CD... Sending a copy to my nephew,  
perhaps to Gibby... even Tyson... even Ethan when  
he is out of hospital. It is a labor of love.  
Story telling. Has this practice been forgotten in the  
age of films?

Now, it is nearly 1 AM and I want to rise  
early enough to walk to food pantry tomorrow as  
it may take 2 trips. I do need it this  
month. Next month will be more careful.



Accepting I have no telephone, accepting nobody can reach me, in a real sense, I am fading away into deeper obscurity, in a kind of limbo, a distant orbit... in the stratosphere.

One thing that pisses me off about these talking monkeys with car keys is their attitude that it takes some kind of heroic skill to operate a motor vehicle, or that those of us who do not ~~drive~~<sup>own</sup> vehicles are unable to drive them, or that someone's identity is made up of the car they drive. I find the entire automobile culture to be base, vulgar, phony, stupid, grotesque, droop-like, idiotic, including police, cabdrivers, truck drivers, etc.

I see through those who perpetuate the status quo, and because I ~~do~~ live outside the norm, I threaten their self-image. I indict the modern world. Do my Great Grandfathers embrace my revolt from beyond the grave? If my grandmother Helen died in 2009 at 93 while I was in Seattle, then she was born in 1916, perhaps her father (MALMBURG) was born around 1890 or so.

He would have been around my age when the automobile was being mass produced. My Great Grandfather Hentrich used the motor vehicle to commit suicide!



I want to know what I am capable of. I want to feel the depths of my hatreds and lusts. When I see machinists in their pickup trucks or large bitches thinking they are hot shit in their vehicles or any gort, for that matter, feeling the automobile is an extension of their organic being, I want to really feel the contempt and disdain. I am becoming more and more sympathetic to Anne Peld's (Crazy Squirrel) attitude and worldview. In a similar way that Antonin Artaud alienated himself from the Surrealists, I too seem to be frustrated by a kind of impotency --- a madman always on the verge of some kind of psychotic fit. Often I misdirect my anger. I can only hope my mother and brother-in-law do not take this personal, but, if they do, what can I do about it but prepare for consequences? How can I "be there" for my mother if she rejects me as I am - sometimes drunk?

There is a limit to my relationship with my mother. There is a limit to what anyone can be for us. Were I to live without a telephone indefinitely, would this hurt my mother? I think so.

Maybe she even regrets having helped me this month. After talking to her 12-STEP dropouts and her family... she is sure to play the role of the victim, how cruel her children are! She may be encouraged to LET GO OF ME as though I were DEAD already.



## A CATALOGUE OF DISAPPOINTMENTS

There is nothing to hope for in this life. Even the "close bond" with my mother, which I was proud of, is now strained — and I stubbornly refuse to feel remorse or shame since her blind prejudice against drunkenness (x-drinkers are as bad as x-smokers) continues to rattle my nerves. If Alcoholics Anonymous has brainwashed her to this extent, then I will put a severe limit on how "close" we can actually be.

I surely have every intention to show her affection; and yet, without a telephone, to be blunt, she could have died or been seriously injured in an automobile accident, and there is no way of me knowing — and, with no funds, nothing I could do. Dead beat?

No. Just a suicide who just hasn't followed through with the final act — I wanted to write and think a little more before returning to the Abyss where I came from before crawling out of Mamma's hole.



In a world so grounded on illusions, lies, deception, especially self-deception, what could be more radical, more extraordinary, more revolutionary than to strive to be honest, especially with regards to self-observation and catastrophic introspection - with revelations not appropriate for polite [read: phony] society.

Now, isn't this the real value of authentic literature, the kind of honesty expressed in diaries or intimate letters, not the lies that pass for literature, not the self-improvement manuals, that one can unleash the ever observing inner protagonist, so as to see one as one really is unashamedly? UNAPOLOGETICALLY!

My mother may be disappointed that I was drunk last Saturday, the 9th; I am disappointed my mother doesn't buy me a 6-pack of good beer every now and then. Fucking puritanical American bullshit! God-fearing asshole!

Sorry my poor mother. I am frustrated and do not want to direct my anger towards you, and yet I have the need to make it clear to you and all; all is not right. I hate God. You choose AA, psychiatry and God. Seal your own doom! Not mine!



a note from my county jail writings 18 October 1997 taken from Sinclair's  
The Jungle (Jurgis in the county jail prison cell):

««« These midnight hours were fateful one's to Jurgis: in them was the beginning of his rebellion, of outlawry and his unbelief. He had no wit to trace back the social crime to its far sources — he could not say that it was the thing men have called "the system" that was crushing him to the earth, that it was the masters that had brought up the law of the land, and had dealt out their brutal will to him from the seat of justice. He only knew that he was wronged, and that the world had wronged him: that the law, that society, with all its powers had declared itself his foe. And every hour his soul grew blacker, every hour he dreamed new dreams of vengeance, of defiance, of raging, frenzied hate.

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 I have to admit I feel like a bit of a monster for the way I lashed out at Mom. She must be wounded at the thought of me "hating her" (calling her a "stupid cunt") after all she has done to help me. What did I mean by, "You are only my biological mother"? I meant that the earth and the state has provided more for me than my parents. Still... Maybe things will never be the same between us again. I suppose we forge ahead. No more LA-LA-LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE.



801  
In other words, no more delusion. Look, she is lonely and filled with anxiety and always so close to being seriously injured in a vehicular misadventure. And I am living from month to month on less than half of what I earned in 1997 - and it wasn't even all that much back then. So let's not delude ourselves. I lived in Freehold 3 miles from my sister and father and barely saw them. Now I am only 5 miles from my mother, and it is too much for her to drive down the road.

I am tired of being the one who cares. Really. Truly. If this is my nuclear family, then I think better of myself than they do. If they don't want my company, I then screw them! Yes, this goes for my mother too. I don't care anymore! No more tears! No more longing for that which simply DOES NOT EXIST.

My mother does not care as much about me as she pretends to. She (and Joe Fili) claims that it pains her to see me destroy myself with alcohol, and yet I am far sharper than she is, on all her psychiatric medication and AA drivel. No more BULLSHIT.



What is the sense of writing if I cannot express my true feelings, no matter how unpleasant or hurtful? No, I did not like my mother's father or her mother. I was never close to them. They were superficial bigots. Hell, I dislike most of my mother's family - and, while I love my mother, there are some qualities about her I am not fond of - her love of luxury, her paying deference to wealth-warped values, the lies she believes. Perhaps I am one of those who is "poorly matched" with his parents. It is not just me who is the monster - I can't protect my mother from the traps, lies, gimmicks, but I refuse to feel too much shame over our strained relationship - over alcohol.

I will tell her the same as I tell the rest of this idiotic society, just like the "Drunk Indians" told the aristocratic Europeans who invaded Turtle Island; I can't be who I am and I refuse to be who you want me to be, so I'll be nothing. I'll just do my time, but I will not become you.

It is ok to face the fact that my own mother is gort-matched, a talking monkey with car keys who would rather be a wage slave than GIVE UP SOME POSSESSIONS AND FOLLOW ME.





2013.03.22 Friday As it becomes more and more clear that I am on my own when it comes to my desire to face the reality of just how wide spread the conspiracy is to maintain the status quo, I develop more and more sympathy for my disappointment in my nuclear family. The fact that I am a radical thinker is like being a social leper with regards to my interactions with the drones who drive passed me on the highway as I walk.

I remember before I moved out West how my mother did not want me "doing gortbusters" on her computer as she did not want to be implicated in case the secret police were snooping. I see this as my mother's willingness to discredit all my feelings as symptoms of this hoax called "alcoholism" or "chemical imbalance". For this, and due to her life-long refusal to discuss any matters of real significance, that she had no idea who Hugo Chavez was, I can't help but have serious doubts about her capacity to UNDERSTAND me. Have I been blinded by my unconditional love for her and my father and my sister and my brother-in-law?

I mean, maybe the source of this current sense of alienation from my mother is a real phenomenon that goes to the core of my alienation from the values of this culture, this civilization — the illusion of literacy, the illusion of wisdom, the illusion of love. The price of DISILLUSIONMENT may be more intense ALIENATION.



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Thirteen days since the "falling out" with my mother (3/9), I receive a letter from her. Not surprisingly, she is claiming she is not ready to see me, that I have deeply wounded her. Good. Maybe we can face reality now about our shattered lives and the lie we call a family, the biological family, the NUCLEAR family, the civilized family, the "Christmas" and "Easter" family.

The nuclear family is a lie. I wanted an unconditional love from my mother, and when I witnessed how quickly she was able to turn on me, leaving me emotionally stranded, yes, I showed her MY TEETH. I barked. My words hit her hard.

3-19-13

Dear Mike,

I read your email and decided to write Mike. I don't know how you can forget what you said (shouted) at me in the parking lot the day (Saturday) we were to go to "Soul Kitchen". You were drunk and acting crazy! You were mad at me because I would not drive in your condition. You called me a "cunt", a "bitch" and said I was your biological mother only but your real mother



is mother earth. I stood there like a wounded animal. You brought up something from the past (my drinking). That was cruel! Then you said the men at the bar love you more than I do.

Mike, you really hurt me. I am still trying to heal. I have been working 5 days a week - not all 8 hrs but 4hrs, 6hrs, 8hrs. Two days I swept the floors. Then I watched other people so I can learn. I really like it anyway.

The people are great and I have a place to go. Yes, I was tired on St. Patrick's Day and was not ready to see you. I still want you to do the rugs and garden. I miss you, Mike, but I still hurt. I will get over this but I keep remembering. I always thought we were close. I love you.  
Love, Mom

Not ready to see me. Still hurt. Always thought we were close. If I get killed by a govt-mobile before she sees me again, it won't matter. WHEN she is "ready to see me." she'll never see me again. How you like 'dem apples?



I guess I am "one of those people", one of those BRAINY, well-read WEIRDOS! Intellectual! A thinker - a philosopher. All the so-called "little" things my mother or sister disagree about end up being HUGE THINGS. What does it mean to be "the black sheep" of the family? What does it mean to be "excluded from Easter dinner"? In AA, the ATHEIST! In the corporation, the unemployable! In the world of obedient dogs, the shy & wild WOLF. In the world of the mediocre and obedient workers, the disgruntled genius. I am the man too proud to put on a uniform, the man who wanders aimlessly rather than have the false security of a "position in society". Because I do not fit into any of the roles people are expected to play, I am categorized as "mentally disturbed", emotionally disturbed, having a chemically imbalanced brain, "bipolar", "schizophrenic", psychotic; too deep. I am "one of those people who thinks too much" - no "common sense".

Am I a hero or an antihero?

I just realized that I may run out of paper in this notebook before government relief money arrives, and so may be forced to scribble in N, Volume 48 until I can stock up on pens and composition notebooks. Money... economics... I do not want to "sell myself". I am a THOUGHT CRIMINAL!



Rather than thinking of ways to commit suicide, I can just allow the social identity to die. Let the manipulable identity die. Let the "good son" die. For I truly am a Steppenwolf. No less than Hermann Hesse I am such a man as Harry Haller, but, if this is possible, even more of a Steppenwolf than the literary figing, most dramatically, because I am in the flesh, I really do HATE the automobile culture. In every fiber of my being, I say NO to this dumbed down Culture-of-Make-Believe.

What I am personally experiencing is exactly what Ardanio wrote about. Now that I am about to go over my 1998 notes, I am at the point in my life where I want to begin compiling *Memoirs of a Mad Prophet, Volume Two (1998 to 2014)*. As I do not have a computer, I will keep track of key passages in my "recipe notebook" - about 50 pages in.

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The thing that helps me a little (about Mom's recent letter) is that she heard me loud and clear when I proclaimed she is my biological mother ONLY, and that my real mother is the Earth Mother. This is parallel to what my nephew means when he says his biological father does not OWN HIM. Question: Why would this wound my mother? I am a PRE-HISTORIC BEING birthed by a SPACE-AGE woman.



On some level, I feel remorse for having wounded this poor woman, to whom I was the last person on earth she would expect to "turn on her."

The truth is, that, when it comes to our thoughts, our understanding of reality, our worldviews, we are far from "close." Like any unpleasant truth, I feel it is better to acknowledge it, to experience the disillusionment in the raw rather than continue to be deluded.

To this day my mother views my "downfall" with the State Park Service solely in terms of the 12-Step narrative, as a result of cocaine use. She does not consider the absurdity of a man with my intellect being at the mercy of blockheads and how this plagued me on a daily basis.

Isn't this why I continue to yearn to ~~be~~ better digest ANTI-OEDIPUS?

To get a firm grasp on the bull's horns: daddy-mommy-me

I think about Billy Minichini and I wonder if he sees me from the Spirit World. Does he call out to me to voluntarily remove myself from this world so as to liberate myself once and for all from these accusations of being a monster?

I don't want to be MANIPULABLE. R.D. Laing had something to say about control DISGUISED as LOVE.

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The real me, the ANIMAL-ME, is not dependent on  
 one woman's approval, not subject to her deity, her God,  
 not subject to her Higher Power, not at the mercy  
 of her psychiatrist's opinion, and certainly not  
 under the dominion of any of her "supervisors"  
 or managers in any corporation she chooses to  
 subject herself to. In this very real and  
 concrete sense, I am a fully autonomous  
 entity, Lord of my own Nation of One.  
 Here comes the breakthrough. Ready?  
 Literature has pointed in the direction of this phenomenon,  
 and it is literature which has touched that real  
 core essence, the ANIMAL-BEING, the "me".  
 The Light in the Forest - the hero feels a more real  
 bond with the Aborigines, the natives who adopted  
 him, than with his "White Christian" family who  
 punished him and, along with the rest of White  
 Society, withheld love and emotional support.  
 This Perfect Day - Chip's parents cow-toned and paid  
 deference to advisors, were AFRAID of Chip's  
 disturbing thoughts, used coercion to "help" him.  
 Player Piano - I met Paul Protens's mother, but his wife,  
 a woman, kind of like my mother, one who places more  
 value on being approved of by society than having the courage  
 to FACE DOWN THE HERD. I have DE-OEDIPALIZED.



## THE DE-OEDIPALIZATION OF Michael William Hentrich

Even if both my grandfathers identified with the colonizer, this does not guarantee I would do the same. I am living proof, for I strongly identify with the colonized! Just because my own father continues to build the pyramids for the all-so-comfortable pharaohs does not imply I will build any such pyramids.

Again, my very own ANIMAL BEING is the living proof in the flesh. And there are far too many IDIOTS in this world. I will prove it.

If my mother, sister, brother-in-law, father, society in general chooses to remain with the silent majority of idiots, they can seal their own doom!

If my mother continues to pay deference to the Judeo-Christian world view then she is stuck with my sister and her husband, in other words, with nothing.

She'll end up in a nursing home for they are not there.

They are already on the Jesus spaceship. If the journey is a metaphor for character development, then my life-story is at a breakthrough point where I become evermore independent - mentally, emotionally, and spiritually. I choose the way of Earth and rebel against the way of God!



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Note from January 8<sup>th</sup>, 1998: "Ancestor possession is when one of our own family from the Land of the Dead takes over our body. Our ancestral presence peers out from my eyes." (Great Grandfather, Mahmborg?)

I enjoy reading my own notes more than reading every Schopenhauer, Pico, and others. Ironically, this is what Schopenhauer would want me to do. He said that to pick up a book rather than to inspect the contents of your own mind is a sin against The Holy Spirit!

Note from Julia Kristeva's Black Sun: Depression & Melancholia:

"In his doubtful moments, the depressed person is a philosopher. The melancholia he evokes is not a philosopher's disease but his very nature, his ethos. Anguish is the essence of human freedom."

"I know too much. I see too deep. My only recourse to retain integrity and dignity is to taste life's futility to the dregs." ~ Saiguit Amari Aliquid.

I guess what I screamed at my mother was a violent reaction to her attempt to punish me for finding release through alcoholic inebriation. Maybe I have lost PATIENCE with "behaving".





2013.03.23 Saturday What is the sense of probing the unconscious if one hesitates to embrace the darkest aspects of 'Being-in-the-world'? If it is true, that all of us who are born into The Machine Age have been warped, damaged, threatened with punishment, if we do not conform to the idiotic norms of this Culture-of-Make-Believe, then there must be qualities within us that are repressed, qualities that, if exposed, would lead to behavior which would bring attention to us - where those employed to represent the authority would deal with us like an immune system.

Can literature help us to unleash what is repressed and hidden? Our aggressions, hatreds, all that is branded wicked or evil, our secret sexual fantasies, our WANTS, our WISHES. How does the artist or thinker destroy the inner censor placed there by a lifetime of "programming," inculturation, brainwashing?

Why not embrace the "monster of demonic rages and sordid dejection"? How to tap into "the evil genius that dwells in us all"? Isn't this why I recoil when I witness anyone presenting themselves as "holy"? Comfortable masks, personas, roles, actors reading scripts, phonies out of touch with their PRIMAL ROOTS.

Police, psychiatrists, the representatives of civilization do indeed curb the natural tendencies of the populace. What about "family," "church," "school," the workplace, the corporate mind-fuck?

Father encourages the "workhorse" in me and seems to like me when I "work like an animal." Mama encourages ~~the~~ what? She seems timid, almost afraid of my strengths, the force of my intellect. Mother restrains me, wants me to "behave," QUIET,





2013.03.24 Sunday → at around 8AM the doorbell rang. It was my mother stopping by before going to Church then her job at Home Depot.

We seem to acknowledge an unbreakable bond. Of course, even my mother isn't invited to "Easter dinner" at my sisters. It is all put in the open as should be. I will be going to my mother's for special ham on Easter Sunday after she gets off from work. She is going to let me keep the leftover ham. She forgives me, I guess. I explained what I meant by proclaiming that The Earth Mother is my True Mother.

She will send me her work schedule as well as when she can have me clean her carpets then turn the ground over for her garden. I can most likely do it with a shovel.

I am tempted to go "asking people for change". I wonder if it illegal to "pan-handle". I couldn't just sit outside going over my "memoirs" looking for passages to be placed in Volume Two of Memoirs of a Mad Prophet (1998-2013)...

I am almost half-way through the digital recording of reading A Fracture of the Whole. I really think/know THIS PROJECT is for Ethany of Matawan.

He is at Robert Wood Johnson hospital. Somehow his brother, Paul, can get it to him. Maybe I can get to Point Pleasant, then take a train into Matawan in April or May when the compact disks are burned.

I spent a good couple hours sitting with the ducks, geese, swans, squirrels and other wild animals — my friends!



24.23.23 Reading through W56 (1998) I see how obsessed I was with computer science, but also how I resisted being indoctrinated (for a second time) into AA by the state. I also note tensions between my father and I while working with him, tensions between my sister and I over my refusal to pay deference to her religiosity.

While hardly anything from 1998 "writings" is worth typing into *Memoirs of a Mad Proppet*, Volume Two, going over these daily reflections helps me process reality.

I shit, I eat, I sleep, I sometimes bring myself to orgasm. I read books, I sing. I talk to myself. Do I understand why women are not in my life? Is it because I walk everywhere and do not have a car? Is it because I am unemployed? Is it because I am not easily domesticated, controlled, henpecked, whipped?

I venture to guess it has more to do with women's FEAR of me, intimidated not only by the force of my intellect, but also intimidated by my wildness - that I might not be easily controlled and manipulated, that I am ALL TOO REAL. It is painful to read what my nephew went through with his neurotic parents at age 16!



One reason I prefer private notebooks to the Internet is that I am less censored. I am not in the mood to broadcast my realizations into cyberspace, but prefer to explore my actual BEING so as to wonder what I am capable of — and to DISCOVER the true nature of reality. I suspect reality is WEIRD. I want to get "in touch" with the part of me that could eat a bird raw, uncooked.

"Nothing that is so, is so" can imply that we ourselves are not — we have always presumed ourselves to be. Life is creepy? uncanny? What kind of "vibe" does this world give off? I feel as if people "know of me," that I am INFAMOUS. I behold what apartments look like on television shows, then I behold my unfurnished apartment. Didn't Nietzsche also have a sparsely furnished apartment? I sleep on the floor. I've slept on the floor for 5 years now. How many others are there like me? Screwy fiction? Dark City?

I live RAW. I don't know where I will end up next. Asbury Park is out of the question! Matamoras is too far from my mother. Freshhold was nothing but trouble!! I don't know what to do! For once in my life I don't have a plan! There is a sort of freedom in this... mental insurrection.



(influenced by Celine's Journey to the End of the Night?)

Maybe the dismal realities of being stranded out here in Brick with only Pathmark, Kmart, & Walmart, the liquor store, the Arrowhead Inn, and the library as "the world" will be conducive to ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> lifestyle of an alienated, marginalized intellectual on a quest for nihilistic ~~act~~ actualization. Wasn't I going off in Freehold on Marcy Street as the lone gringo surrounded by Jesus-worshipping vaginas? Cockroaches crawling everywhere... Dirty water... Slumbord... drinking & budding who used my domicile as a hang out / hide-out / restroom / flophouse / hospital / Kitchen, etc.?

The police in Freehold had me targeted as a psychotic genius who ~~was~~ had become so frustrated he could go off the deep end at any moment. Even the locals had me targeted as a "drunken loser" ~~with~~ They had no respect for the FORCE OF MY INTELLECT.

Living in Freehold was just a daily crucifixion, aching for sexual satisfaction only to be teased & land rednecked for my refusal to become an OBEDIENT WORKER. Police actually harassed me. NIGHTMARE WORLD! SUICIDE SOON?



Maybe I'll just keep track of my month to month existence:  
Mike Hentrich's Field Guide To Living A Life Not Worth Living

The more they take from me the less I have to lose  
 Now I'm counting down the days till I can by some booze

They told me Lucifer ~~is~~ my only friend  
 Uh-hh here it comes again  
 Flip open ~~your~~ <sup>the</sup> note book and grab that pen  
~~Say hello~~

2013.03.26 Tuesday - finished recording my reading of A Fraction of the Whole into DVR (digital voice recorder) and will most likely return back to library tomorrow. I will also lug 2 huge journals W56 & W57 (1998/1999) so as to begin

Memoirs of A Mad Prophet, Volume Two (1998-2013).

From early January 1999: "... Outsiders who awake to the fact that they were not what they had always supposed themselves to be when they felt something that opened up new possibilities."  
 "And thought ~~itself~~ alone is no use because it is thought that has been bound hand and foot by the hypnosis of the jailer: by habit, laziness, "ways of seeing oneself," etc. Action is necessary. A man can change his



mental habits by changing his way of life; sometimes one act alone can completely change the whole mental outlook.

There is no masses.\* Each individual is the outsider! If we only knew our numbers!

The advertisers and the media phones insult us all. Witness what fools they think we masses are.

The masses do not exist. They are a fabrication in the pea-brains of advertisers and media conglomerates, and politicians. There are only

INDIVIDUALS, all who must be as insulted as I am for being treated as a mass of dupes!

There is no such thing as "the masses." It is all a great lie.

There is only one. It is being. It is, we are, all Nature - and Nature belongs to itself, so we all belong to ourselves - as principium individuationis!

\* Cioran always wrote under the power of melancholic sleepless nights. Everything Cioran wrote was a kind of therapy. Among the Germans, Cioran feels attracted to Schopenhauer & Nietzsche. From literature, Dostoevsky profoundly influenced him!

I say there are no masses, and yet, who flocks to cinemas & malls?





2013.03.27 Wednesday I guess today I will begin to peck away at Memoirs of a Mad Prophet, Volume Two (1998-2013). I want to write an Introduction ~~with~~ in the present tense, 2013 in The Spring ... After reading aloud ~~the~~ onto a digital voice recorder ~~the entire~~ Steve Toltz's A Fraction of the Whole in its entirety, which I plan on burning onto compact disk and distributing to a young friend who has been in hospital for a very, very long time from some horrific accident with psychiatric medications, I ~~now~~ now have a strong desire to embark on this project: typing up some snapshots of my scribbles from 1998 to the present into what is to be called Memoirs of a Mad Prophet, Volume Two. Much of the "scribbles" from 1998 to 2002 are very technical as I was obsessed with mathematics and computer science. I will not bore future readers with too much of that. Nor will I include my sexual fantasies or romantic obsessions, unrequited love, or the details of car repairs and financial anxieties. I will, however, be writing in the present tense, and ~~not~~ quite matter-of-factly pointing out timestamps of these "snapshots." Often I will comment from a 2013-perspective. I am considering using italicized font to indicate that the most current Version of this Thing-called-self is "speaking." For 1998, there may be some "overlap" with Volume 1.



©

[2013.04.01 Monday All day Easter Sunday I thought it was Saturday. While I was cooking spinach, white rice with cream of mushroom soup, just after the corn bread came out of the oven, the door bell rang. I honestly did not know who it was. Mom! I said, "I thought we were supposed to meet tomorrow for 'Easter'."

She said, "This IS Sunday. I ought to know. I just worked all day at Home Depot on Easter Sunday."

My ~~over~~ bonus by the way. Straight pay. My mother used to be a nun. I was rattled but happily surprised. I took my corn bread with me. Mom told me she would be bringing me home after dinner as she had yoga on Monday. Still, I grabbed backpack, along with digital recorder to transfer files to Mom's hard-drive, ]

[ I gave Mom a back massage which she enjoyed. Her cat, Baby, wanted in line to be brushed! Funny. After carving and splitting ham between Mom & I and cleaning the pans, I came up with the plan for Mom and I to rise early so as to rent carpet cleaning machine from the Home Depot where she works. This way, ~~by~~ she could still make it to yoga and get back by 12:30 PM so we could return the machine before 1:03 PM. We were on point! I cleaned the carpets wonderfully, focusing mostly on the porch FIRST SHOT. My mother is very appreciative, ]  
She GAVE ME \$30.





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2013.04.02 Tuesday

Question: Some of my "entries" are too hilarious or too "close to the bone" to be transcribed ~~into~~ for the general public. If I am reluctant to place these entries into my "official MANIFESTO", is this dishonest or simply ~~the~~ subconscious desire of a heretic attempting to keep from being lynched or suicided, or harassed? What is the meaning of this self-censorship? What if what I censure is ~~my~~ <sup>the</sup> most powerfully honest expression of how I genuinely feel?

My decision, so far, is to keep my most "politically incorrect" verbalizations private. Sorry.

Why do I apologize? Well... it seems dishonest. ~~#~~ Self-censorship is rooted in fear. I wonder if this is what Crazy Squirrel was implying... I don't know. >>>



2013.04.05 Friday Is it possible to improve my writing style by becoming more "evil" in the manner in which I relay my interpretation of events? In other words, by being less forgiving, by writing my initial even I drunken perception of situations, I might unleash a masterpiece COMEDY.



I keep getting flash-backs of when the young woman doing an internship at Park Place Outpatient Treatment Center Bay Jail Program was sitting beside me while I was painting the "Dark Light" painting in an "art session" when she looked me into the eyes and said, "Mike, you're going to be famous."

One reason I have resentment toward my mother, who one might expect to encourage me to SHINE, is that she often belittles me, demasculates me, calls the authorities on me, and even goes as far as to say, "No Mike, NOT famous... the word is infamous." She and her Af sponsor, Mary, totally underestimate the power, the NATURAL POWER, of any spiritual (even if ALCOHOLIC) bonds with the 'People' who they stupidly refer to as "your drunk friends".

Maybe this entire telephone fiasco has a benefit: no more invasive intrusions by the Mind Parasites, the Thought Police, the Bill Collectors, the Managers in the principals office of corporate run garden apartment McDonaldland complexes... no more "tracking device" for the unseen militarized police forces who work 24/7 every day to keep our spirits oppressed, broken, afraid, overwhelmed.



I may have underestimated what a gift to myself my collection of diaries has been. This may explain why I became so furious when, after being back in New Jersey since March 2010, in March 2013 I still did not have the bulk of them.

The reason I mention this is because I am interacting with earlier journals, where the Voice speaking in those diaries applies to the self-same reality I face today. I am connected to an inner Natural Power and need not put up with being abused in any way by those who presume to instruct me.

Case in point: Volume 11 (Writings 1988)  
1988.03.15 Pre-sleep suggestions → Transcend unnatural pressures to be accepted. Let Being Be Natural

This can even applied to my own mother where her acceptance of me is entirely dependent upon my being sober. If she really is placing such a limit on her relation to me, then it is she who is cutting me off, not the other way around. She has no problem detaching from me. FINE, I guess.



## INNER TELEPATHIC COMMUNICATIONS

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From logbook #65, 2001, August 29<sup>th</sup> :

"As a loner it is important to nurture the inner dialogue"



2013, 04.19 Very difficult nights lately. I wonder how much has to do with alcohol use; how much has to do with living in a garden apartment with such thin walls (aggravating paranoia); how much has to do with living in Brick - having to walk along at 70 for miles just to get to library and even bank; how much has to do with not owning a motor vehicle - my sense that people see me as a freak. how much has to do with not being employed; how much has to do with losing telephone; how much has to do with my personal resistance against religion and psychiatry; and how much is simply my reaction to living in this world which is a swamp of misery. I witness how many motorists operate their vehicles, including cab drivers, cabbies, etc. I feel great disgust.



501

Actually, considering all the trouble I experienced in both of Asbury Park and Freehold Boro, now both places where the police harass me aggressively, this Brick area has not been so bad. There is very little trouble here besides all the damn motorists staring at me when I walk, as well as many who seem to "know of me" as if I were talked about - "that crazy man who talks to himself." Already I am not permitted to drink at the Arrowhead Bar. The owner says I disturb the ~~sons~~ customers. I thought people liked me, but I guess that enough right people hate on me to convince the owner to BAN me, to ostracize me - just like the bar in Neptune when I lived in Ocean Grove, just like bars in Freehold, like the Count Jester - just like certain bars in 1996 when I worked for the park and would be put on the proxy. I do not have a lukewarm personality. Yes, I am a "character", certainly not a drone, very much unconventional.



I don't think there is a geographical cure. I mean, while I could see myself taking a course at Brookdale just to interact with like-minded individuals, taking bus from Red Bank, the tuition is expensive. Also, while I could take a bus into Freehold from Red Bank, maybe Freehold isn't such a great place for me to hang out since the police target me for harassment.

Isn't being close to my mother the reason I returned to New Jersey? I was very miserable and distraught out West. I stood out even more out there than I do here, with the police asking me if I was "taking my medication." Wherever I have lived, I have "brought attention to myself"... Freehold; Farmingdale; not so much in Red Bank, but I did get kicked out of Halcove - Charlie told me I was being watched for the way I write on the Internet; I definitely trouble in Matawan. trouble in Ocean Grove, trouble out West in Federal Way. much trouble in Asbury Park; trouble in Freehold Boro. Is this a police state where I am profiled as an emotionally disturbed person with suicidal ideations? I a radical anti-capitalist?



221  
O  
What am I to do about the social anxiety I experience when walking around in public?

I like to be outdoors, but there seems to be nowhere for me to hide. Like my nephew had complained about before leaving New Jersey, there is nowhere to get away from cars if you don't own a car.

Besides going through my own writings, I will go over Writing & Madness, The World As Will & Representation, and Anti-Oedipus. I would like to order a copy of Anger, Rage, and the Daimonic from Amazon next month. I want to understand not only the rage I experience when inebriated but also my fear of being denounced by a woman in emotional entanglement.

O  
Still no telephone. This is ridiculous. If I don't receive it by the 25th, I will have to contact reachoutwireless and really complain. I am very ~~frustration~~ frustrated. My sister has been concerned about my state of mind. Perhaps my father also worries. I have been out of touch. Maybe a journey up to Pennsylvania will help me... I see no way out of this Hell.



I am beginning to wrap my mind around the limitations ~~that~~ of writing to the general public. I mean, if my goal is to discover what I really think and feel, then imagining an audience would surely have a restraining and repressive effect on what I express. Who would be my audience if not those who feel as ostracized and alienated as myself? For Madmen Only?

I observe my own being and ask, why does this ape do what it does? Why does this ape isolate and hide? Why does this ape not own a motor vehicle? Why does this ape not hold down a job? Why does this ape not pursue romantic encounters with women? Why does this ape wander aimlessly singing and talking to itself? Why does this ape hok up in an apartment scribbling? Why does this ape talk to itself and record itself speaking and singing? This ape rebels.



721

This ape is not trying to adapt to idiotic norms. This ape is not looking for a boss, a supervisor, or a psychiatrist. This ape is disgusted with automobile culture, the autocracy. This ape is a thinker, a philosopher. The enemy has no real thinkers.

Without a telephone or access to the Internet, I really am isolated in a dimension called loneliness. Now I fall back upon my inner life. In no way do I miss living on Marcy Street in that cockroach-infested trap with the polluted water and hostile neighbors. Now that I am officially ~~not~~ on the Boro Police's "hit list", as far as harassment goes, there is really no reason to want to live in Freehold but for the Open Door pantry with free bread and produce, soup kitchen, etc. I am too known in Freehold, too known in Asbury Park, too known in Matawan. There may I not be anywhere where I could live as I do without being talked about.



Surely I am not alone in living this science-fiction  
 dystopia, where I eat meals alone, spend most  
 my time hidden away thinking, waiting week after week  
 for the government relief check. There are such  
 loners in every industrialized nation in the world,  
 no? There are many of us here in Brick, and  
 we are hidden from each other. What is this  
 age to do? With 8 months to go before the  
 lease is up, I am not ready to start looking  
 for a new address. All I do know is that  
 living so close to Mom is not what I had  
 imagined it to be. At 72 years old, working 5  
 days per week at Home Depot, she is too exhausted  
 to drive when she is off duty.

It is good to be out of 7-B, Marcy Street.  
 I guess I am actually better off out here in Brick  
 than in Downtown Freehold where I am too well-known  
 as an eccentric scholar. Still, already here in  
 Brick, the motorists seem to be well aware of me,  
 and, as I have mentioned, the local bar has  
 officially OSTRACIZED ME. I am just too  
 strange, too odd... "the odd man out,"  
 as my father puts it. It is a lonely life, for  
 sure, but I am compensated: my tinier life  
 is RICH.



An entry from March 20<sup>th</sup>, 2003 when my nephew was in the county jail; I had just quit my job at Shop Rite, and the woman at Social Services suggested I turn myself into the psychiatric ward:

"I do not consider employment an option. I am unemployable due to emotional and behavioral qualities that prevent me from getting along in work environments."

"How do I go from graduating with Honors (gpa 3.6) from Rutgers to being unemployable?"

Did I fall for some Big Con? How is it some corrections officers are making over \$200,000 per year with overtime? Well, they are loyal servants of the corporate state, whereas I am a free-thinker.

The Court system is designed to inoculate any sign of free-thinking before it becomes contagious to the slave class.

inoculate → immunize, vaccinate



This abyss I stare into, isn't this void exactly what the masses escape when they conform to idiotic norms such as the "work ethic", religiosity, therapy, social clubs, spectator sports, etc?

There is a parallel in my real life and the novel A Scarlet Letter, and the parallel has to do with the amount of time I spend alone thinking with a depth and intensity many I could not handle without becoming overwhelmed.

Sure there may be those who scorn me as a scoundrel, but surely

there are just as many who may recognize me as a free spirit, ~~unintimidated~~ <sup>unintimidated</sup> by the herd.

I am a NON-MASS MAN. Has my writing improved over the past ten years? Maybe. Now that I fully realize how disinterested the general public is, I am free to truly write for myself, to discover how I really feel, to think forbidden thoughts, to challenge the norms which keep people enslaved. While masses of people from South America migrate north for prosperity and "success", I am in voluntary exile from the philistines.





2013.04.20 I was able to hoof it to the library and post  
"Rolling With The Punches". I even came up with a final verse  
on the way there.

Rolling, rolling, rolling with the punches  
Keep on rolling, rolling, rolling with the pp-punches

Rolling with the punches with your back against the wall  
" when they trip you and you fall  
" when you're hanging on the ropes  
" when they fill your head with dope

Rolling with the punches when they fuck you in the head,  
" when they fill you full of lead  
or lock you in a shed and take away your bread

Rolling with the punches  
When you pee behind a tree  
And I get your pecker shot off  
By Homeland Security

Σ posted on 4-20, 2013 Σ  
isis.phpbb3now.com  
xhentric.wordpress.com



Now, since logbook #65 is literally falling to pieces,  
I may transcribe the last few excerpts to be transcribed  
into *Memoirs of a Mad Prophet*, Volume Two herein this  
volume #161.

From 2002.01.22 <<< Professor Morris told us that if  
he assigned a textbook for CS431 it would be like  
the film *Dead Poets Society* where we would be  
instructed to rip specific pages out of the text.  
Professor said that most textbooks on Software  
Engineering suck. He warned us that finding common  
meeting times for our group projects  
would be pure Hell.

<<< I have to admit that I am discouraged.  
I am going to end up committing suicide before  
the next diary is full. Is there something  
wrong with me? I am no longer enthusiastic.  
I no longer love what I do.

[and George Harrison warns, "Beware of darkness..." >>>

From 2002.01.23 <<< I am afraid all this is not  
going to work out. Suicide is as tempting for  
I 2003 as it was in 1996 as it was in 1986.  
If this dark mood does not pass, I will just  
have to deal with it as reality itself. >>>



From 2002.01.24 <<< As this creature was sitting upright, with pillow under bony buttocks, knees bent, feet flat on bed, back against pillows, reading Operating Systems Design text, there was an insight triggered by what Anthropology professor, Lionel Tiger said during his lecture/sermon.

He had advised us to look into a mirror and ask ourselves about ourselves, "Why does this ape do what it does?"

This gave me an idea for a research paper: Why does this ape masturbate?

[insert WARMING THE HEART]. >>>

Ø  
This day passed like a dream. I ate an entire salmon fish, a whole cup of Jasmine rice, and an entire package of frozen spinach. I ate like a horse. Very full. I deleted excess files off recorder and feel quite comfortable with myself. Now what?

See above entry!  
Maybe not THAT comfortable.  
Why is that? Why not? I don't know.



While going through Volumes of the Hex (Volume 4 = #70),  
From June 10<sup>th</sup> 2003, I see a paragraph  
which compels me to follow through soon - either  
in May or June - to order Text, Anger, Madness,  
and The Daimonic

<<< It is the inner voice which writes. That  
which is a writer is an inner presence that seeks  
out the truth of the heart in solitude. The inner  
realm allows for contradictions - like simultaneously  
desiring to touch Nati while also being fearful  
of her Power To Destroy Me. >>>

I don't think "destroy" is the right word.  
More like consume... more like absorb  
me, where I lose my personal will and merge  
with her will.

<<< ... I would be emotionally stimulated  
to the point of hysteria. There would be a  
sense of urgency, a loss of calmness.  
I would become an extension of her.  
She could devour me. >>>

know,

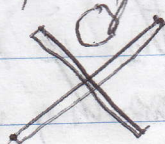


While I will continue to scan through material from old diaries, there is not much going into the official Memoirs, Volume 2. Therefore, I want to focus on recording what this ape actually does in everyday life, how it really feels and what it really thinks. I won't go so far as describing the details of my spontaneous sexual fantasies when climaxing. I will keep track of my wishes when it comes to specific women or a specific woman, even if she just represents a prototype.

Ought I be protesting imperial wars in this society? What can I really do to resist the brainwashing if not to simply continue writing, singing, cooking, talking myself through it? I just want to keep the corporate mind, fuck from raping my mind. It is just about all I can handle. The tough part of the month is

coming up. I am just as dependant on gas and electricity, food and shelter as the masses.

I cooked Swedish meatballs today, and I ate so much I most likely will open windows and read my 2003 diaries until I fall asleep like some kind of semi-domesticated wolf.





Ever since the female duck was found laying dead in the road by the lake on Old Squan Road, the ducks, geese, and swans seem to have vanished. No longer feel safe? After a nap, I decided to finally come outdoors to sit in the sunshine. Month after month, day after day, another orgasm, another feeding, another daydream...

And so I come to get used to my Cioranesque lifestyle where I am not trying to be like everyone else, where I get used to being the outsider, the philosopher, the thinker, the deadbeat, the crazy man who is literally ostracized from the bars because of my crazy talk, my bizarre behavior.

I still get peace of mind sitting by the lake even with cars driving by. Am I not Marat of the French Revolution? While napping, I imagined my corpse, and I really did feel comfortable. The crows and the squirrels are my skin. It is OK that I am "shot out." I have gotten validation on the Internet that it would be absurd for me to become corporate fodder in the workforce with a radical heart like mine. I can't just suddenly unsee what I have seen. Somehow I have come to be a ward of the state, and this is how I must live day after day, month after month, just doing my time.



Every single day I have to take time to become comfortable with who and what I am, as an ape being. It helps to find a spot outdoors where I can "feel Natural Power", where I can observe other non-human intelligence (spirit) in action, simply BEING.

Going over diaries/records from 2003 may help me to grasp why Downtown Freehold may not be a safe place for me to "be myself." Although most the Mexican population is very kind to me, and while I have many close Black compadres/pizones, there is a great deal of hostility toward me from Main Street - the bar owners, the restaurant owners (all but Federico who used to like my sister). There is fierce hostility from the Boys Police, from the Mayor, and even from a few who may question how I collect a check each month simply for possessing a social security number with the United States of America. Some curse me as "AMERICANO".

Fuck todos!

Living in Downtown Freehold attracted hangers-on. I was too known. The traffic aggravated me. Sexual frustrations built up from seeing so many dark-haired Latinas that seemed intent on fucking me off the planet, leaving me sexually starved.



And so I attempt to write in a radically honest manner so as to transcend politically correct language, expressing myself unapologetically.

Even Bruce Springsteen has noted that going through Freehold Boro is a HORROR. What is the horror? The traffic from the Mall? The demographics? The Latin American population? I am more comfortable with Mexican culture than the govtvilles of Limelight and Goltz Neck, the McMansions of Freehold Township.

Is it so strange that I don't seem to fit in anywhere? Even South Jersey freaks me out. Manahawkin, Ocean Acres - some kind of science-fiction twilight zone?



Religious, political, and social dissenters are often declared insane by state psychiatrists. I like John Trudell's attitude: CRAZIER THAN HELL!

Maybe I will heat water and slice up some Ginger Root to try to soothe me. My mother is OK. I just feel so unable to help her; but, then again, there is not much she can do for me either. It is a relief to admit that I don't know what to do.



©

2013.04.22 Monday Dream Recall → ① A dream within a dream...  
In the dream, I am talking and screaming in my sleep when  
I awaken [not really], wondering if I had been yelling in  
my sleep. I am still in the dream! Then I really do  
wake up in a deeply hypnagogic state.

② Browsing in a bookstore I repeatedly change my  
mind about which text to purchase. I notice stacks of  
hardcover books that will never be read. I am not satisfied  
with what is available. On some level, I am stubbornly  
waiting for ANGER, MADNESS, & THE DAIMONIC

I am also looking for a "matchbox car" and can't  
make up my mind. I am ready to not settle, to just  
get nothing rather than what I do not need or want.

At this point I notice an officer in the store.  
Someone alerts me, that officer is there to speak to me.  
Rather than just leave, I approach the officer who  
is surprisingly young. He shows me some documentation  
and tells me I will have to "surrender". I asked  
what I did and how long will I be held. He said, "for  
about 8 months."

At this point I took off, out the door and into the dark.  
I found a church and entered. There was a mass in progress.  
I approached a minister/priest, asking if I could use a telephone.  
I was not given a landline, but some kind of prepd. pay phone.  
I struggled to remember Mom or Dad's number.



Now that is clear to me that, for the moment, anyway, I have enough food to get through the month and a residence to store the food and enough leisure and privacy to enjoy my higher mental faculties, and I am thoroughly disillusioned about attracting a female companion or suddenly being inspired or motivated to "seek gainful employment," it looks as though I am riding this until the wheels fall off in the spirit of Emile Cioran.

Ø

From sometime in September, 2003 (volume # 76) :

<<< It's like Old Black Mack tells me, "Everything is some scheme to try to get you to spend money; be a consumer; work more to consume more. If you do not consume, if you do not buy things, you are considered mentally ill." >>>

Also: <<< I do not doubt that I am being watched by some special task force, but I continue to labor away enthusiastically throughout the night. >>>

<<< I have decided to follow my doctor's orders and not seek employment at this time due to my UNPREDICTABLE BEHAVIOR. >>>



From Autumn 2003; <<< Yes, unemployed, I will be  
unable to reach those who are employed because  
they will resent me for my leisure. >>>



2013.04.23 Tuesday

While I am looking for philosophical material this time through my diaries and have found virtually nothing in notebooks 67 to 76, were I ever to write a true autobiography, these same notebooks contain details of my infatuation with a young hard-working Mexican woman, my growing feeling of alienation in my hometown in the midst of the underground economy, and various details of conflicts occurring in the gorbusters phenomenon.

At the very least, these notebooks can be considered psychological literature which probe anger, madness, and the daimonic. On another level, these notes give provide an anthropological artifact, exposing the frustrations of an individual in the throes of what it means to be "fucked off the planet", down to the nitty gritty details. Also, the nature of the bulk of my "records"



are far too private and ~~admittedly~~ would portray me as quite mad were I to include such material in what I mean to be a philosophical treatise.

Because of these long stretches of time when my writings are all-too-intimate and potentially embarrassing, I will be forced to "fill in the gaps" with explanations such as this.

At this point in my life I took my Volkswagen off the road and filed for social security disability on account of my growing hostility, irritability, and unpredictable mood swings. While I found myself very much attracted to individuals of Mexican descent, paradoxically I was becoming increasingly disgusted with the work ethic and religiosity. Once again, I was the odd man out, a phrase my father had often used to explain my predicament to me in the past.

Both my parents have always seemed to not only sympathize with my predicament, but actually had a non-judgmental understanding of just why I was having such a tough time "finding my niche" or "fitting in" to what is known as The New World Order.



781

While both sympathize with my rebellious nature,  
neither could solve my problems for me.

Both seemed to fatalistically accept that my life  
would consist of a series of disasters.

I am an individual being who has rejected the  
values of the working class I and have no choice but  
to endure the consequences of standing up to  
the mass hypnosis all I have been subjected to.

Perhaps I am to be one of those unreadable  
authors, like Antonin Artaud or Wilhelm Reich,  
one so unconcerned with a potential audience that  
my writing will offend by its very tone.

Such may be the fate of all who forsaken  
the idea of writing for others and make a  
conscious effort to write whatever the fuck  
they need to write at any given moment for  
the sole purpose of enduring their own subjective  
experiences, beyond good and evil.

Ø

I spent the morning listening to my favourite DJ,  
Kimberly Marengale on WBAI, 10AM to noon:  
Thump & Brawl. She is beyond words great!



From 2003.10.07 <<< My inner life is very rich. My soul's journey is really of no one else's business. I find the business-as-usual work ethic just too much crap to have patience for, if I am wise to the greedy little men and their war machine economy, their military-industrial-prison complex, then I can, with reverence for my true feelings, choose to live minimally while collecting some small amount of social security income.>>>

By November 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2003, my mother had demanded I vacate her basement. She had the locks changed. I slept in the fields a couple nights before surrendering, i.e. reporting to Social Services for emergency assistance.

<<< My first night sleeping in room 404 at the Del Monte on 1<sup>st</sup> Street, ~~Acme~~ in Astbury Park, NJ. I slept soundly even though it was below 50°F in the room. I did not mind. I was so utterly satisfied to be off the cold damp earth. When I got up to piss, I noticed the heat control on the wall. I turned heat up and silently thanked Ms W - from Social Services. >>>